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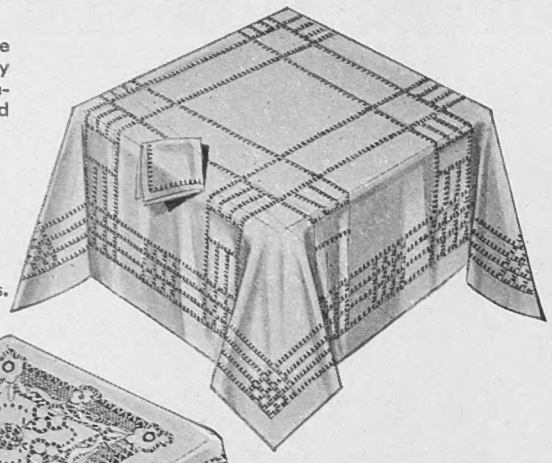

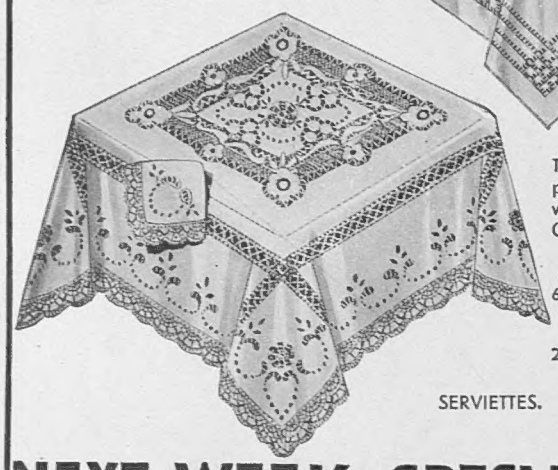

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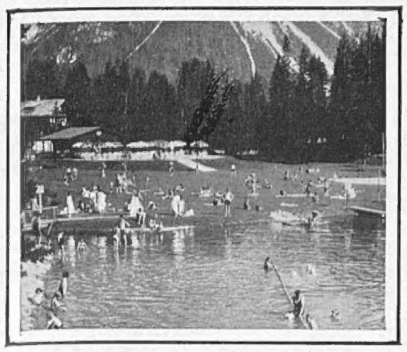

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PREPARING for the R.A.F. PAGEANT

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The greatest thrill of the year is the great aerial pageant held next Saturday at Hendon, when the most daring manœuvres, the most spectacular stunts, the most hair-raising escapes are watched by an enthralled crowd. The pageant this year, to judge from the practice flights noted, will eclipse in intrepid aerial evolution anything that has ever been seen before

a

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 17, 1931.

Gateshead lam.—I devoted some space last week to the Gateshead by-election—before the event. I was justified. The public has accorded it the importance it deserved, firstly as a political portent, secondly as an example of what pluck, hard work, and hard facts can achieve. I will only repeat that if the Central Office now "forgets Joseph," its name will deserve universal execration. The Central Office must still possess some small residue of its former influence in the constituencies. Let it use it to bring back into Parliament the man who drove in the nail at Gateshead. Conservative seats are held all over the country by men no longer fit to fight the good fight as it must be fought; while there is a retrograde tendency to invite gilded youths, with money to burn, to bid for seats put up to auction by the local committees. Colonel Headlam is wanted in Parliament, in the party and, in due course, in office. So, indeed, is every experienced and able man who is not afraid to face facts and to speak the truth however unpleasant. When such men, despite every discouragement which the sloth, snobbishness, apathy, or cowardice of party engender, continue to knock on the door of Parliament, it is an act of insanity and of ingratitude to keep them kicking their heels outside. The safe and smug Conservative strongholds in the suburbs still think politically in pre-Reform Bill terms. Gateshead has not so much encouraged as reprimanded the Conservative Party.

The Beginning of the End?—A week or two ago I heard a member of the late Conservative Government declare that he could not see any prospect of a General Election within two years. I think he must have changed his mind last week. Gateshead has done more than encourage the Conservatives. It has shaken the Socialists not only in Westminster but all over England, and it has read the Liberals an important lesson. Mr. George may lead his followers to the muddy stream of Socialism, but he cannot make them drink. And the North of England—where our vital industries languish—has seen in the Conservative policy of safeguarding (which Mr. Baldwin has wasted several vital years in boggling over) the last hope of a revival in prosperity. The country is waking to its present dangers and is loudly declaring for a change of fiscal policy and of government. It is high time for Mr. Baldwin to put more spirit into his carburettor and to take the road. Strange as it may appear, the lot has fallen upon him and he can assume the victory smile, which he has not won the right to wear, solely on his own merits. So much for Gateshead and safeguarding. There remains the Land Tax which between them Conservatives and Liberals would unquestionably emasculate if Liberal convictions were less elastic and Labour's surrenders less abject and frequent. Above all, the Dole Report. Mr. MacDonald's followers have already made clear to him that they will not allow him to honour his cheque, and it appears he has once more licked the hands that chastise him. And if the Premier does not honour that cheque, there is not an honest working man of whatever class or party who will not cry shame. This week's issue is still doubtful as I write, but I believe that the number of the second Labour Government is up. Its record is one of failure and weakness unparalleled in our history.

Business Done?—Of all that tragic brotherhood which once dreamed such rosy dreams of the Millennium which would come about "When Labour rules," Mr. Thomas is surely the most disillusioned. Jimmy Thomas remains a popular figure. He is very disarming, very human. He puts on as a cloak neither pomposity nor side. On the contrary, he wears his gala dress with still youthful and unconcealed enjoyment, and as the years go on his language grows no less picturesque. He set out—if your memory serves you as far back as 1929—to end once and for all the scandal of unemployment, to show the Conservatives and the nation what energy and constructive statesmanship could do with that festering evil. And then (before his task was quite completed) he switched to the Dominions. He made clear that what was needed was to explore calmly and constructively our Imperial problems and to find solutions for them by personal discussions with the Dominion Premiers. The human touch, the broad view, the Imperial outlook—these would be the chief weapons in his armoury. And now he has had to admit (and I fear with well concealed relief) that there is no immediate urgency for the Labour Government to make up its mind on constructive proposals for the Ottawa Conference. There will be no need for him to go empty handed to Ottawa. The Dominions have other things to think about. Mr. Thomas must be exuberant indeed if he can read his own copy of "When Labour rules," or contemplate his own achievements in the second Labour Administration without a sense of disillusionment.

The Lesson of Failure.—Are we blaming him? By no means. The Government has few more sincere, patriotic, British, and hardworking ministers. The moral drawn by the abysmal failure of Mr. Thomas and the Government he serves was borne in on the public in 1919. But politicians are a race apart and have not yet learned it. It is this: Politicians of any party are not supermen. They are as a body merely average men, ambitious, hardworking, well informed on their own subjects, but average men, mediocre men, none the less. And if it was difficult to govern an over-populated country in the throes of democratic evolution, in a comity of ultra-suspicious and jealous nations in 1914, it became doubly so in 1919. Therefore the British public, which is in the main just, does not expect miracles from its Government, and only demands miracles from Governments which boost and boast. We ask from our politicians, when they bid for office, not rosy promises and millenniums, nor scorn of their opponents. We ask of them humility and the truth, however unpalatable. Will the politicians ever learn the lesson? Will they ever grasp the fact that the letters M.P. and even the title "Right Honourable" do not lift their wearers above the common herd? They remain professional men, servants of the State, and are no more entitled to prophesy or to promise than are clerks in a minor Government office. Indeed the plumber has far more justification for prophesying than the politician.

Bolshevism Nearer Home.—The ideal of Russian Bolshevism—one at any rate of its ideals—appears to-day a stage nearer attainment. If we set faith in our nursery maxims this should cause us little surprise. We are trained up to believe that rigorous and selfless endeavour invariably achieves its aim at last. And in a flabby and hesitant world the Bolshevik experiment, sound or unsound, stands out as a solitary post-war example of sincere and whole-hearted endeavour. Now, at any rate, there seems quite a chance that the map of Europe may receive another daub of red paint, and that Bolshevism may come as near London as is Scotland. Unless the now famous Chequers' visit produces immediate results—which is physically impossible—Germany can hardly hope to avoid a revolution within a year. If that occurs it is even money on the Communists coming out on top. With the Communists on top in Germany the red stain will creep over a large surrounding area, a solid wedge of Europe from the East to our own home waters. And if Communists do not succeed at a first revolution in Germany, they would assuredly come in on the failure of Hitler. Spain is already a stage nearer than Germany to the attainment of this logical, if not inexorable, fate—the trial of Bolshevism. We live to-day in a world whose political and economic positions are so obscure, so charged with dangers, that it is literally true to say that we know not what the day may bring forth. All over Europe every institution is rocking, the last surviving traditions of pre-war years are tottering; our values, our manner of life and thought are in the melting pot. Never, we are told, was life so interesting. Upon my soul, life can be too interesting. I share the opinion of the cowardly member of the Suicide Club.

The Death Trap.—In the past quarter century 300 lives and more have been sacrificed in times of peace to the juggernaut submarine. In war-time the figures are too ghastly to quote. Last week a dozen towns were thrown into mourning through the loss of *Poseidon* off Wei-Hai-Wei, and every other maritime nation in the civilized world suffers periodically the same cruel and monstrous loss of her bravest and best. For this insidious and sneaking weapon of warfare, which the days of chivalry (the dark ages!) would have scorned, will have none but our best. *Poseidon* was the latest type of submarine and carried a complement of five commissioned officers and over forty men. A death trap none the less. What an extraordinary sidelight on civilization is thrown when one considers that 1,000 years ago our ancestors would have thought shame to sully the chivalry of warfare with any of our chief devices to make war frightful. How gross and utter its failure the present suspicion and hostility among nations prove. We are to-day no nearer the attainment of any dependable agreement to abolish gas and submarine warfare and the bombardment from the air of open cities than we were a generation ago. It is we and not our remote forbears who are living in the Dark Ages.

The Image of War.—At Aldershot now you may enjoy the image of war with less than 1 per cent. of its danger (if you obey traffic instructions and drive your car with due care). There is this year a particularly interesting exhibition of the weapons of war through the ages. *Plus ça change*, etc. . . . Curiously enough, Boadicea's 2-h.p. tank can, if pressed, still cover the ground faster than our 1931 model armoured whippet, but otherwise (as is proved by a five-minute episode of modern frightfulness, which keeps me awake eleven miles from the arena) war is less romantic and far more unpleasant than it was 1,500 years ago. The joke (a very bad one) is that it still survives as the obvious and logical method of settling international disputes. In a civilized state, men go to law, and groups and companies go to law to settle their quarrels. But the "comity of nations" wallows still in the darkness of savagery. Aldershot has as its near neighbours Lord Ponsonby, Mr. Snowden, the Webbs, Lord Marley, and, if you please, Mr. Lloyd George. Naturally, therefore, it doesn't rattle the sabre very aggressively. The vast audience is invariably dispersed with a set piece which age does not wither nor custom stale. We chug our ways home again after a heartfelt prayer to God to abide with us. We do not specifically address Him as the God of Battles.

Ascot.—It is a melancholy thought that Ascot is half over before we have begun to think of summer. Our grass tennis courts have barely been marked out, our flannel suits are still in tissue paper and moth ball. The azaleas are over, and only the purple ponticum remains in bloom. The geranium is terribly prominent and the strawberry a new sensation. The saddest spring I ever recall. Ascot at zero hour looked unspeakably trim. The rainfall had made the grass never so emerald, the effect of unlimited private lawns and flower garden was never so vivid. It saddened me to think how they would look at the end of the first day, the course badly cut up, and the fair expanse, reserved for democracy, an obscene, scarred battleground, loathsome with its relics of greasy paper, food refuse, and litter of every kind. The large-scale letting of Ascot houses went out with the motor-car. A few of the old guard still make offers for very favoured houses. Lord Lonsdale and the octogenarian, Sir Everard Doyle, have taken houses as usual. But, though Royalty promised in advance its fullest patronage and pomp, the general slump in everything set its mark on the fixture. Outside the rails, no records will be broken.

England's New Captain.—D. R. Jardine of Surrey, an hereditary cricketer with a Scotsman's outward dourness and self-confidence, and a fund of geniality below the surface; a rigidly orthodox bat, worth his place as a batsman alone in any team on earth, with a wide experience of international cricket; a cool head; canny rather than dashing, but shrewd as bedamned; aged thirty, fair complexion, last seen wearing white flannel trousers and shirt with white woollen sports pullover; believed to be suffering from loss of . . . As you were! This man has been chosen to captain England in the coming N.Z. Test at Lord's and, if he does well, in the next Australian tour. I have much faith in Messrs. Warner and Perrin. What these two don't know about cricket would be lost on a sixpence with your morning dose of Kruschen.

The "Saint Philibert."—Among the sea tragedies of our day, the loss of *Saint Philibert* off Saint Nazaire takes a horribly high place in mortality. There have not been more than two disasters at sea on such a scale under peace conditions since the *Princess Alice* disaster in the Thames' mouth in '78. The *Saint Philibert* was a frail little craft of less than 200 tons and she was apparently crowded with passengers, although fortunately not so crowded as on her outward passage, before the gale, which later swept Birmingham and Walsall, tasted blood at the mouth of the Loire. Time will show what precautions had been taken to ensure the safety of passengers before the excursion started. The gale which turned the ship over was clearly of an unprecedented violence. Probably the fullest precautions could avail nothing. But time and again these disasters reveal a slackening off of precautions and key all civilization up once again, until a sense of security once more induces carelessness. A disaster at sea. It all happens—just like a child's boat fanned by the billows in a bath. . . .

THE OLD STAGER.

"THE SERRIED RANKS BENEATH THE MIDNIGHT SKY": The night scene of the grand finale of the Searchlight Tattoo, Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot. The impressive item of the finale opened with a fanfare by massed cavalry trumpeters. A spotlight discloses a guardsman of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards standing with the Union Jack in the centre of the arena. In the forefront are seen four Roman Legionaries standing in front of the Triumphal Arch, while in the rear are seen, formed up, troops who have taken part in the tattoo. At back are Composite Cavalry Regiment. Left to right—Royal Horse Artillery, mounted bands and Royal Horse Artillery, French Cavalry, English Artillery Corunna, Sir John Moore and staff. Centre—the Rocket Troop and Roman Cavalry. In front of the Roman General's chariot are Roman Standards and Lictors. Reading from left to right in front are seen Romans, Modern Army, Ancient Britons, Massed Bands, Massed Pipers, English Infantry Corunna, Ancient Britons, Romans, 2nd Battalion the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders

SPORTING *and* OTHER NEWS *of the* WEEK :

The Season of Horse Shows: An Aerial Tea Party

THE PRIZEWINNERS : Master Nigel Argent (aged eight) with Jack, *his gelding pony. They combined so well that they won the silver cup in the event at the Essex County Agricultural Show at Ingatestone for the best boy and girl rider under ten years of age*

ONE OF THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS : A month-old foal of Belle Gloria *made itself noticed (the youthful craze for publicity!) at the Richmond Horse Show*

MERCHANT TAYLORS : The Duke and Duchess of York with Mr. William Graham, the Master, and Mrs. Graham, at the laying of the foundation stone of the new buildings of the famous school at Sandy Lodge, Moor Park, Herts

FRIENDLY ADVANCES : Miss Elizabeth Matthews chums up with Dawn of Downside, *a Shetland, entered by Mrs. Hilda C. Dodds at the Richmond Horse Show.* Top right—*CONGRATULATIONS : Mr. Percy Hunt congratulated by Mrs. Hunt on his victory in the Junior T.T. Race, Isle of Man, won on a Norton*

AUSTRALIA FLYERS : Commander Kenworthy and the guests to whom he gave tea on the terrace of the House of Commons—Miss Amy Johnson, Mr. C. W. A. Scott and Sir Alan Cobham, who all flew the same route to Australia

ASCOTS *of* YESTERYEAR

The Pre-War Splendour Recalled

By JOHN GORE

1907: "The hats were enormous, sustaining aviaries of rare birds and acres of artificial flower garden. . . . A feather or lace boa . . . a foaming lace parasol completed the equipment of my goddess"

Of all our British institutions, that which up to the War impressed itself most vividly on the foreigner was Ascot. And before the War, in an even greater degree than now, the opinion of an intelligent foreigner on an English institution was infinitely more valuable than a native opinion—*a fortiori*, if that institution was a social and in part a fashionable fixture. For before the War the articulate foreign visitor was usually of the upper class and was notoriously shrewd in his appraisal of social values. It is largely due to foreign observers that the legend of Ascot has grown up. It is our custom every year tritely and easily to sum up Ascot in this sense: "Nowhere in any country in the world will you find assembled in a few acres such lovely women, such superb horses, such splendid and smart men, such a glorious expanse of virid turf and summer blooms. In a word, the cream of beauty, the cream of fashion, the cream of sport, the cream of the four seasons and of the London Season. Yet, although Ascot always has and always will provide the best racing in the world, the Ascot meeting was, up to the War at any rate, pre-eminently a social function — to a far greater degree than Goodwood or Newmarket or, of course, Epsom. Ascot remains the exception to the rule that "on the turf and under it all men are equal."

Those who may lately have seen at Lord's or in St. James's Street the graceful and youthful figure of Sir Harry Stonor will hardly credit it when I tell them that exactly fifty years ago this very year he was engaged at Ascot in collecting and marshalling at luncheon time those whom the Sovereign or the Prince delighted to honour, and that—to point my argument—he is doing the same thing to-day. My first memories of Ascot belong—though I knew it not then—to a year of transition—a year which was big with the fate of England and of Ascot, though it most discreetly concealed its pregnancy, as the prudery of that age required. It was the year 1904. In the first decade of the new century every available house within a four-mile limit of Ascot was bid for and acquired at prices which ever increased, as did the smiles of the fortunate "country-folk" who were settled in that corner of Berkshire. Fashion, of course, always congregated round Windsor, and all the Windsor hostesses were full to the attics — Queen's Mead, Queen Anne's Mead, Winkfield, and the rest.

The cream of fashion spent the week at the farthest seven miles from the course; the lesser fry and busy folk trained down from London complaining violently of the heat and dust. But the dust on the roads. . . . Heavens! you young people wouldn't believe me, if I tried to describe it as it was, even after the authorities had treated those roads with a new ammoniac mixture a week in advance. Now, while we tripped across the flowery lawns and gaped in unspeakable astonishment at the presence in the sacred enclosure of some new actor or actress—it was a portent of the advance of Democracy (or as we termed it then "the American invasion") when Sir George Alexander began to find rivals from his profession in Society—while we tripped and stared, as I say, a sinister fellow, who ought to have been at Ascot in a frock coat, was groping in oily overalls underneath a horrible construction of metal and wood, which we hardly knew by any other name than a "horseless carriage." This impious fellow was Charles Rolls, and there were many other pioneers doing the same thing. Mr. Rolls and Mr. Johnson were working on a two-cylinder Rolls-Royce which was to be shown in Paris in December of that year and was to win for itself "the certainty of a place in the smallest conceivable first class of the cars of the future."

These secret pioneers roused no faint apprehension in the breasts of the fashionable world at Ascot. Yet they and a score of others as famous were constructing an infernal machine which was to blow sky high within ten years Society with a big S, country life, privilege, class barriers, and incidentally the easy harvest of Ascot residents. I don't say that there were *no* motor cars "parked" at Ascot in 1904. There were—a dozen at least, but they were not noticeable except through the nose. In 1906, all was changed. The roads and Ascot and the pages of *Punch* were blocked with motor cars.

Consider, then, Ascot in the last days of Privilege when transport facilities remained much the same as they were in 1860, and society sported a big S still, and was a "family party," slightly enlarged by an American wedge (of high pressure) and by a sprinkling of the Sir Gorgius Midas type, imported to find City directorships for newly-poor noblemen (Lloyd George's Aunt Sally) and to pay their way at the new game of Bridge.

Lord Churchill is familiar to all as the guiding spirit of Ascot, but at the dawn of the century it was in right of his office of Master of the Buckhounds (since abolished) that he began his long reign as uncrowned King of the Ceremonies; and in those days he was, I repeat, merely the organizer of a family party. Everybody knew (only too well) everybody else in the enclosure; and that, though the cost of entrance for the whole week was less than for a single day now. So sacred indeed to fashion was the enclosure that it occurred to nobody that from it (as then sited) you could see not even a fleeting glimpse of the racing. You entered and you put your cloak and gloves and glasses and purse on a chair which you were safe in regarding as your private property and lock-up all day. Or you went to the cloak-room and hung up a thirty guinea lace creation, and neither asked for nor were offered a ticket. There were a bare dozen luncheon tents; just those of the best known clubs, such as the Guards', Marlborough, or Bachelors'. I set down these seeming improbabilities in sober truth. It was society with a big S. And that big S grew small by degrees only.

It was still visible in 1907 when motor cars needed quite a large park. The old guard were still confident in its last ditch in 1907.

King Edward's household and personal friends stood out in marked contrast to the entourage of the heir to the throne. Sir Ernest Cassel would be near the King. Lord Althorp was Lord Chamberlain; Lord Sefton, Master of Horse; Lords Howe, Gosford, and de Grey were of the Queen's Household. The Duchess of Buccleuch, representing in isolation the old-fashioned aristocracy that still resisted the American invasion, was Mistress of the Robes.

The Prince (our present King) had Sir William Carington as Comptroller and the late Lord Stamfordham as Private Secretary.

Round the King and the horse (as the American Price Collier said) English Society then revolved.

And Ascot (to keep to our brief) in those days was not merely an affair of the racecourse and the enclosure. It still bore some relation to what it originally was—a function for the privileged neighbours of Royal Windsor. King Edward certainly gave one or two of the old type Ascot balls. These took place at the Castle on the last night of the meeting, and very few invitations were sent to London. The old fiction of the Sovereign's "Windsor neighbours" was kept up, and invitations went out to the privileged few who owned houses in the neighbourhood and to a few like Lord Lonsdale, who habitually took an Ascot house for the meeting. He is still following this practice and so, I see, is Sir Everard Doyle (aged eighty). For the "family party" in the environs of Windsor, then, the racing days usually began with a morning ride. These rare spirits did not indeed wander far afield through Virginia Water. Every horse's head was turned towards the polo ground in the park, and here in the dewy morning was gathered just such an assembly as would fill the enclosure on the racecourse at noon.

After the races were over people often rode out again or played croquet, which had come in again during a temporary eclipse of lawn tennis; if the weather was unkind or too kind, they fell greedily back on the new game of Bridge in the house or under the limes.

And how did they dress? The men's dress is only to be distinguished from the dress of to-day by the cut of waistcoats and the shape of collars. That I can prove, for I dawned on London Society at the psychological moment when the frock coat was no longer essential for young men, and so my Ascot coat of 1906 does duty manfully to-day. As for the women, a whole number of THE SPHERE would not suffice for the chequered history of their dress reactions.

How well I recall every feature of the beauty of the debutantes with whom I was then in love! How mercifully I have forgotten the garments which almost completely concealed those points of beauty!

The hats were enormous, sustaining aviaries of rare birds and acres of artificial flower garden. These hats were adequately supported on immense heads of hair, bolstered out with pads and other devices. Suffer a frail man to search his memory for a description of an Ascot creation of twenty-five years back. A high lace neck ran up under the chin, emerging from a sort of buttoned brocade waistcoat, which in turn emerged from a tail coat of brocade, having mutton chop or semi-balloon sleeves and barred lace fringe, which more than half-covered a lace skirt over rose satin, edged with rose velvet and trailing three slack-inches on the ground. A cloud-burst at Ascot is no modern invention. In the first decade of the century four inches of rain fell during the racing one Ascot week, and that rose satin skirt, as a skirt, was absolutely ruined. A feather or lace boa (to be left till called for on that private chair) completed (with a foaming lace parasol) the equipment of my goddess. But, of course, we ceased to leave things lying about after the theft of the Gold Cup.

1905: "The men's dress is only to be distinguished from the dress of to-day by the cut of the waistcoats and the shape of the collars. . . . Hats were supported on immense heads of hair, bolstered out with pads and other devices"

ROYAL ASCOT of 1931

ASCOT BOUND: Waterloo Station for its crowded hour of glorious life looks from its "toppers" not unlike Lord's on Eton and Harrow days

ASCOT, PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN: A section of the crowd—top-hatted on the coaches, capped on the turf—cheering the first race of the meeting (won by Lord Glanely's *Coldstream*)

ROYAL ASCOT SEEN FROM THE AIR: A picture of the famous course taken on the eve of the opening. *Inset above on right* is one of the fashions that rank equally with the racing as an Ascot attraction waiting at Waterloo

SUMMER-TIME MUFFS were to be seen—delicate confections of ruched tulle worn with a frock of lace

THE FOAMING SKIRT worn by Miss Sitwell Brown was set off discreetly by the dark shoes, cape, and gloves

LIGHT REFRESHMENT: A trio of Ascoteers enjoy a welcome glass of wine in the Highland Brigade Tent, guarded by imposingly martial-kilted, bonneted, and plaided figures which added to the colour of the meeting

AN ASCOT FASHION: Mrs. L. Beecher in one of the most striking creations seen at the (unofficial) dress parade that is Ascot

RECALLING *the Great* DOORS *of* GHIBERTI

The New Silver and Bronze Doors for the Historic Roman Church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura

PUNCHING SOLID SILVER ON BRONZE: Finishing touches on the great doors, by Antonio Maraini, cast in bronze at the Nelli Foundry, Florence. They are destined for the Church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura, Rome

HONOUR TO THE ANZAC DEAD: The new war memorial unveiled on Anzac Day at Wellington, New Zealand

HONOUR TO THE GERMAN DEAD: The first visitors at the Prussian War Memorial Hall, Unter den Linden, Berlin

The great doors for the Basilica San Paolo Fuori Le Mura, Rome, designed by Antonio Maraini and cast by the Nelli Foundry, Florence, are creating something of the same sensation in artistic and ecclesiastical Italy as Ghiberti's doors for the baptistery. They left Florence, where the silver bullion was beaten on to the bronze, in motor-lorries.

The WAR *of* RELIGION *in* INDIA: **Hindu v. Muslim**

CONVERSATION IN MOOLGANJ: Mr. Rogers and Mr. Jog, the Congress leader in Cawnpore, the latter of whom was injured in the last riots. Rioting has been very serious in Cawnpore of late owing to the Hindu-Muslim dispute over a notice of Gandhi's which is set (inadvertently) so low that the banners of Islam have to be dipped beneath it in procession. The notice is inset on right and has occupied its present position for some time

THE SCENE OF RIOTING: A general view of Moolganj where Muslim and Hindu have lately (as usual) been at one anothers' throats. The trouble arose from a notice (inset) outside Gandhi's reading room. This is set, as it happens, on the route of the *alam* processions. The Muslims have refused to take out the processions until this sign has been removed, as the *alams* (flags) have to be dipped to pass beneath it. The symbolic significance of dipping the flag to the name of Gandhi sticks in the gullet of Islam. The refusal of the Muhammadans to take out the processions precipitated rioting which had to be quelled by the police. With the restraint that characterises the rule of the British *Raj*, only in the last resort did the police fire a volley. Both parties of disputants suffered casualties. The bazaars were closed and the streets empty. Strong patrols were set both in streets and by-lanes. As we go to press only sporadic assaults are reported

PRELUDE TO WIMBLEDON

And Two Notable Happenings of the Week

THE OLD MUSKETEERS: Cochet and Borotra, one of whom, it is confidently anticipated, will gain the championship

BRITAIN'S DAVIS CUP TEAM: F. J. Perry, H. W. Austin, H. Roper Barrett (non-playing captain, and one of the wiliest players the courts have ever seen), C. H. Kingsley, and G. P. Hughes. Perry and Hughes are strong challengers in the doubles. It is possible two single semi-finalists appear in this group

SOUTH AFRICA'S DAVIS CUP TEAM: Dr. P. D. B. Spence (who plays in the mixed with Betty Nuthall), Louis Raymond (captain and singles champion of his country), Vernon Kirkby (nineteen-years-old and left-handed, making his first visit to England), and Norman Farquharson

THE NEW MUSKETEERS: Antoine Gentien and Christian Boussus, who may replace Lacoste and Brugnon

JAPAN'S DAVIS CUP TEAM: Iwao Aoki, Minoru Kawachi, Jiro Satoh (Champion of Japan) and Hyotaro Satoh (who is no relation to his namesake). This team, playing in bad luck, was "outed" by Great Britain

THE FAVOURITES FOR THE LADIES' DOUBLES: Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. Fezrnley-Whittingstall who won in Paris

RANKED No. 2 IN FRANCE: Mlle. Ida Adamoff

RANKED No. 2 IN GREAT BRITAIN: Miss P. Mudford

RANKED No. 1 IN FRANCE: Mme. Simone Mathieu

MISS JOAN RIDLEY in fur coat at Beckenham. She has a habit of springing surprises at Wimbledon

FOREIGN COMPETITORS: Dr. Landmann (Germany) and G. Lott (America), the latter of whom is a "tipped outsider" for the Singles Championship

ROYALTY WATCHES TENNIS: The Duchess of York with Miss Nuthall and Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.) at the Charity matches held on the lawns of Lady Crosfield's house at Highgate

A BRITISH HOPE IN THE MIXED: F. J. Perry and Miss Mary Heeley. The latter is a fancied outsider for the Singles, "bar" Fräulein Cilly Aussem

THE DISTILLERS' SPORTS CLUB: The Distillers Co., Ltd., have just purchased East Molesey Court and turned it into a sports ground. Above are Mr. William Harrison, Mr. T. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. J. M. Connell, and Mr. Redfern

THE SALE OF THE HIRSCH COLLECTION: Mr. Lance Hannen dealing with the wonderful collection which Christie, Manson and Woods sold for £71,352. The fact that such a sum was realised shows that there is money about despite the slump

RUSSIA: Red Menace of the World

"Let us hope the day will dawn," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently, "when all the nations of the world will be able to meet at Geneva, not even thinking of how to prevent war, but taking it for granted that war is quite out of date and out of the question." In view of the Labour Party's pronounced sympathy with the Russian Government and its consistent whitewashing of all its actions the frank exposure of the "pacific" trend of the Socialist ideal State shows clearly of what insubstantial substance the Premier's dreams are made

By J. BAKER WHITE

Ten years ago the armed forces of the Russian Soviet were little better than a rabble, exultant in their defeat of the White Armies. The soldiers were badly clothed and equipped, under-officered and often underfed. Discipline was slack and the higher command of the Red Army and Navy was almost without technical knowledge in the science of war. The artillery was worn out; the mechanized section of the Army consisted of a few ex-British tanks captured from the "White" general, Yudenitch, so decrepit that they could hardly be trusted to get across the Red Square in Moscow without a breakdown. The air force consisted of a few ex-British Avros and D.H.9's of doubtful airworthiness and a bare handful of trained pilots. The only really efficient units in the forces were the punitive troops of the G.P.U., a considerable proportion of whom were Letts and Chinese.

HEADS OF AN ILLITERATE ARMY OF 12,000,000 MEN: A group comprising Voroshilov and some of his fellow leaders

To-day all is changed. On May 1 in Moscow there took place what was probably the biggest military demonstration there has been in Europe since the Armistice, and everyone who saw it was impressed by the efficiency of the Red Army. Smart, well-uniformed, steel-helmeted infantry and cavalry pass by in an unending stream, followed by tanks, artillery, armoured cars, mechanized machine-gun carriers, tractor-drawn anti-aircraft guns, and other mechanical war equipment, all of the latest pattern. Forty aeroplanes manœuvred overhead and thousands of armed factory workers followed their uniformed comrades. This demonstration proved that since the civil war the Red leaders, sparing no energy and expense, have rebuilt the fighting forces of the Soviet Union and, by combining two military systems, have produced a large and efficient regular army backed by an enormous militia. Soviet Russia to-day is a nation in arms and, by reason of the declared policy of its rulers, it is a very real danger to European peace. To Stalin and his fellows in the Soviet Government the Red Army is "the advance guard of the international proletariat" and "the army of the world revolution."

The armed forces of Soviet Russia consist of the regular army and navy, the militia or territorial units, the air force, 50,000 special troops of the Ogpu known as the Chon, 100,000 frontier guards, and 60,000 escort guards. The regulations governing military service provide for military training for practically the whole of the able-bodied male population of Russia. Forty per cent. of the infantry and field artillery, most of the cavalry, all the heavy artillery, and the engineers and mechanized sections are what may be styled regular active units, giving a complete military training to recruits in two years. The rest of the infantry and cavalry comprise territorial units of a militia character, in which the great majority of those called to the colours receive their eight to twelve months' training spread over a period of five years. As youths they will have all received pre-military training in periods of one month in two consecutive years. Under this system which, with its obvious defects of which the Red General Staff is quite conscious, is the best the financial resources of the Soviet will allow, the males of the nation are given elementary military training. It provides a well-trained and well-equipped standing army of about 600,000, to which is attached in any annual training period a militia of about 900,000. *In the event of full mobilization the Red leaders would have at their disposal about 12,000,000 trained and partially-trained men.* That is a very vital fact for the statesmen of Europe.

Some idea of the scheme of organization of the Red Army can be gained from a study of its effectives. There are about seventy infantry divisions, each with a peace-time strength of about 8,500 bayonets. In addition, there are about 100 detached battalions of territorial sharp-shooters who may be best described as armed factory and land workers. A squadron of cavalry, a company of engineers, and a regiment of field artillery are attached to each infantry division. The equipment of each regiment includes three bomb-throwers, thirty-six heavy and fifty-four light machine-guns, nine pieces of artillery mainly of the Maclean, Hotchkiss, and Rosenberg types, a chemical warfare section, and a half-company of cavalry. Thus there are about twelve heavy and eighteen light machine-guns to each battalion, providing a striking contrast to the lamentable weakness in machine-gun power existing in the Tsarist Army of 1914.

There are seventy-nine active and eighteen territorial regiments of cavalry, each consisting of about 900 sabres with sixteen machine-guns. In addition, there are eighteen territorial regiments and units such as the Bouriate and Ossetine groups of people of non-Slav races. Mountain artillery and mechanized machine-gun sections are attached to the cavalry. The artillery is organized into 700 batteries of divisional artillery, 420 batteries of regimental artillery, 70 pack batteries, and 150 special purpose batteries, anti-aircraft artillery being particularly important. In all there are about 1,500 batteries of artillery, the cannon being of different systems and models rising from the smallest calibre to heavy coastal defence pieces.

The technical units of the Red Army include seventeen wireless telegraphy battalions, ten transport battalions, forty detached transport companies, fifteen regiments of railway engineers, and ten "chemical" regiments. The armoured fighting vehicle sections of the Red Army are being continually increased and improved. There are about sixty armoured trains, 140 armoured cars mainly of the Russian Renault type, 250 armoured machine-gun and mortar carriers of the Austin and Fiat types with a few older Renaults and Benz's. The Red Army is now fairly strong in tanks, mainly of the British medium and Renault M.27 type. The fact that in 1930 the Soviet purchased forty tanks and twenty-six light armoured vehicles from Britain alone gives some indication of the rate of increase in the mechanized fighting equipment of the Red Army. Russia spends more and more on armaments every year. *Expenditure has risen from 692 million gold roubles in 1926–27 to 1,390 million gold roubles in the present year. As compared with 1924, last year showed a 180 per cent. increase in armament expenditure.*

Like the Army the Red air force has been re-organized and re-equipped. In 1922, aeroplane production had almost ceased in Russia, the air force had only old war-time Nieuports, Spads, Farmans, and Voisins, and there was a lack of pilots. The Soviet began to buy and copy foreign aeroplanes and engines, many of them Fokkers, and in 1925 the Junkers factory near Moscow was taken over. At the beginning of this year the Soviet air forces consisted of about 1,200 army 'planes, about 250 reserve 'planes, and about 200 'planes belonging to the Air and Chemical Defence Society. The air force is organized in about 100 groups, and in addition the Navy has fifty hydroplanes in the Baltic and twenty-five in the Black Sea. Every effort is being made to increase the supply of pilots, and about 15,000 are to be trained this year. Several airships of 20,000 to 30,000 cubic metres capacity are to be built, and if these are successful larger ones are to be constructed. Russia, like America, has her own supply of helium. In Russia civil aviation is controlled by the Red Army G.H.Q., and in this field there is also great activity, concentrated largely in the Soviet Asiatic States adjacent to Mosul and the frontiers of India.

The officers of the Red Army provide an interesting example of the weakness of a "proletarian army." About 10 per cent. of them are ex-Tsarist officers, mainly employed as instructors; about 30 per cent. are "heroes" of the civil war, ex-privates and N.C.O.s with little technical military training; and the remainder are graduates from the military schools. The majority of this last category have had only an elementary education with the result that the intellectual level of the Red Army officers is the lowest of the armies of the world. *Some company commanders are almost illiterate!* The officers' schools, and for that matter all training centres for all ranks, are hotbeds of political propaganda, and Communist zeal is more likely to bring promotion than military efficiency. In Britain the fighting forces are completely free of politics. *In Russia there are over 6,000 propagandist newspapers issued for the Red forces, and 830 propaganda clubs!*

At the head of all the armed forces of Russia is the Revolutionary War Council, with Voroshilov as president, Gamarnik and Ouborevitch as his chief assistants, and eight members. Subordinate to this council is the R.K.K.A., the Headquarters Staff of the Workers and Peasants Red Army. This is the G.H.Q. staff, and has various operative sections as in any other army. The country is divided into eight military circumscriptions and two army territories. The mobilization scheme of the Red Army provides for the concentration of the best troops in White Russia adjacent to Poland, in Siberia and in Turkestan. The great weakness of the scheme is the railways, but to-day the Soviet Government is pressing forward the construction of strategic railways near the Polish and Afghan frontiers. The new Turk-Sib railway, connecting Siberia to Turkestan, plays a very definite and important part in the Red military scheme.

Behind the Red forces is the vast propaganda machine of the Osoaviakhim, the Society of Air and Chemical Defence. This society, with over 7,000,000 members, has three main tasks: the inculcation of the war spirit into the Russian people, the raising of funds for the purchase of war material, and the training of the factory workers and peasants in the use of arms. In Russia to-day there is a very real fear of an approaching war, carefully propagated by the Osoaviakhim. In the Red Army School in Moscow, a white palace formerly occupied by the maids of honour at the imperial court, is a huge relief map of Eastern Europe. A deep scarlet line, like a gaping wound, divides Russia from her immediate neighbours. A Red Army officer illustrates the purpose of the map to visitors and cadets. "Here are our enemies," he cries, waving his hand at the western states. "The Imperialists will strike at the Soviets through these little fellows. We will be ready for them!" His voice rings out like a fanatical battle-cry, for the propaganda machine of the Soviet State has led him, and hundreds of thousands of others, to believe absolutely and sincerely that the powers are preparing for an armed attack on Russia.

There is a real peril in this war fever that has infected the Russian people. When a government ruling over 160,000,000 souls continually preaches the doctrine of the inevitable armed conflict, when it increases day by day, week by week, the strength of its armed forces, when it never ceases from reaffirming its unswerving hatred of the system of society prevailing in the rest of the world, when it connives in the sowing of the seeds of sedition in the armed forces of other nations, when the guiding principle of its policy is economic and political war on the capitalist system, and when it declares categorically that "war is unavoidable between growing Communism and decaying Capitalism," then that Government becomes a very real menace to the peace of the world.

WARLORDS OF THE SOVIET: Voroshilov, Commander of the Red Army by reason of his presidency of the Revolutionary War Council, and Ouborevitch, Commander of the Moscow Garrison, one of his chief assistants, review the troops of Communism

Mr. MELLON *Visits* ENGLAND

The Art-Loving Old American Millionaire Who Has Been U.S. Secretary of the Treasury for a Decade is Coming Here to Discuss War Debts and Reparations. It is a Politically Dangerous Move, but World Forces Beyond the Control of Any One Nation Force Him to Take the Risk

Mr. Andrew Mellon, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury under three Administrations and since 1921, is coming over to England to attend the graduation ceremonies at Clare College, Cambridge, where his son Paul is completing a post-graduate course. Mr. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of State, accompanies him. Both, of course, are travelling unofficially, and at first glance it seems a touching instance of paternal regard on the part of a seventy-seven year old parent, and a fine token of friendliness on the part of Mr. Stimson.

But if one penetrates further into this family affair one discovers yet another ironical manifestation of the straits to which American statesmen and diplomats are reduced, by the operation of the isolation principle, when they find it expedient and even vital to discuss with Old World personages urgent matters which affect America and the world—even, it may be, the larger question of whether civilization is to be saved or plunged by human idiocy and impotency into chaos.

Pressed, Mr. Mellon and his colleague might admit that this summer vacation trip to Cambridge will also serve, by a fortuitous chance, as an opportunity to return the purely social visit which Mr. Montagu Norman, the enigmatic Governor of the Bank, paid them in the Spring; and although nothing could be further from their minds than such political and controversial issues as the interconnection of war debts and reparations, the war debt settlements, Germany's financial position, revision of the Young Plan, and so on, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that they will have to meet some of the British Ministers while on this side. Politeness alone makes this even probable. They may lunch, and dine, and spend a week-end, and what is said behind closed doors over the meal-table is nobody's business.

So it goes. If one knew nothing of the apprehensions which have been growing up behind the international scenes over the past year, and the anxious and incessant talks which have been taking place in Paris, London, New York, Washington and Berlin; if one had not read behind the lines of President Hoover's recent defensive assertion that armaments which cost a thousand millions a year, and not war debts and reparations, are the root cause of the world slump—still, one would know that the German "crisis" manifesto, forecasting a reparations moratorium demand in the autumn unless times change, had precipitated this trans-Atlantic trip of the old and very wise Pittsburg banker who negotiated all the war debt settlements, dictates Uncle Sam's financial policy, and guards her financial resources and that vast hoard of a thousand millions in gold.

THE ÆSTHETE OF STATESMAN FINANCIERS: A study of Mr. Andrew Mellon

The slump in the value of goods and commodities, expressed in terms of gold, has added an unanticipated 30 per cent. to the reparations burdens of Germany, which are calculated on a gold basis. If this heavy fact is used by the Germans as an excuse to demand a moratorium and a revision of the Young Plan, Mr. Mellon and the Administration face an awkward situation. The war-time allies who are paying America £50,000,000 a year to clear off their war loans may line up and say that under the new circumstances they cannot ask their peoples to stand the drain, and the Washington Administration, in a time of black slump, will have to impose new taxes or float new loans to fill this abrupt gap in the revenues.

Mr. Mellon has been a banker too long to become unduly alarmed about a situation which would give any less experienced financier a nervous breakdown. He sees this whole business of war debts and international exchange in banking terms, and perhaps it is as well that he does. If he had not his politicians to consider—they tried to limit his freedom of action when he negotiated the British war debt settlement with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Montagu, and sought to make him demand more onerous terms than he desired—he might have settled this whole war debts affair on the American side in a way to make everybody happy and to promote the general good. But politicians. . .

For fifty years he was accustomed to manage his business without the intrusion of politics and the vast hampering factor of public prejudice and ignorance. His father had the most enterprising bank in Pittsburg, and when he took over its direction at the age of twenty-five he took a chance along with the industrial infants of his time, a time of mighty growth and the stirring of new forces. He provided financial backing for scores of new enterprises, processes, and resources, reconstructed old businesses along new lines, fostered rationalization at a time when the word was virtually unknown, and grew in power and wealth—but not in public fame, for he is a reticent and a modest man, most averse from personal publicity.

He retired from the active direction of the great Mellon Bank, and his extraordinarily varied interests, when the late President Harding asked him to take up the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and transferred his working life, which varies between ten and fourteen hours a day, to Washington, where he acquired a magnificent apartment, and filled it with his favourite books and old masters.

Having, in the course of the acquisition of his millions, lived through the financial and industrial making of America, Mr. Mellon's value to his Party and the Washington Cabinet is easily seen. Two authentic little tales illuminate it.

A Republican committee met to discuss means to wipe out a big deficit incurred in an election campaign. For two hours the millionaire sat in silence while the talk flowed around him like a sea. Then he rose and said: "Gentlemen, you must pardon me. I have to catch a train. It seems to me that the best way to raise this money is to raise it. I propose that you divide the country into zones and apportion the amount needed among them. I will guarantee 70,000 dollars for Pittsburg." That was the plan adopted.

A Cabinet meeting was considering at length whether fifteen or twenty millions should be spent in putting one of the war-time industries into condition for peace-time purposes, or whether it should be scrapped. After everyone had spoken the President observed that the Secretary of the Treasury had not volunteered an opinion, and called upon him.

Mr. Mellon responded modestly that the problem was not one for his department and that he would like to give it more careful study before coming to a conclusion. He could, however, say what he had himself done in a similar situation. He owned a war plant which needed sixteen millions spent on it to fit it for peace-time industry, the profitability of which was necessarily uncertain. "I told them to scrap it," said Mr. Mellon. "We had more profitable uses for so much money."

That ended the discussion. The plant was scrapped.

C. Patrick Thompson

Mussolini's Collaborator on MUSSOLINI

An Interview with Giovacchino Forzano

Benito Mussolini, the modern Cæsar, is not only a great statesman; he is a great artist, as the recent discovery that the historical drama, *Campo di Maggio* ("The Hundred Days"), was written by him, in collaboration with Giovacchino Forzano, abundantly testifies.

Signor Forzano, who has been spending a few days in London for the opening of the Italian Opera season at Covent Garden, described the entire history of the Duce's dramatic experiment.

"On the 6th of July, 1929," said Signor Forzano, "I was received by the Duce. In answer to his questions, I had to explain to him certain points connected with the Italian theatre. In the course of conversation, he asked me if I had read any books on Napoleon that had recently been published, and added: 'In reading those books, the idea of a drama with the title, *Campo di Maggio*, came into my mind. I have already sketched a draft for it; I will send it to you for your opinion.'

MUSSOLINI'S COLLABORATOR: Signor Giovacchino Forzano, as seen by Autori

"On leaving the Duce's room I could think only of those three words: *Campo di Maggio*—the dramatic granting of the Constitution after the Hundred Days. The more I tried to remember and to put my memories into dramatic form, the less could I see the possibility of writing a play on that theme. But I had faith in the judgment of the saviour of Italy. Even if Mussolini were unskilled in the technique of the theatre, he has a sure instinct for dramatic possibilities. But I wondered whether in the press of affairs the draft would not be overlooked.

"Next morning, with Fascist punctuality, it came with a letter inviting me to write the drama from his notes. When I began to read the draft I had another surprise. *This* was not a draft, *these* were not mere vague ideas or suggestions. Here was the scenario of a complete play! Mussolini had collected and condensed into dramatic form the most tragic moment of Napoleon's life.

"I had not realized that the Campo di Maggio was not an end in itself, but was the starting point of a lofty dramatic conception. The versatility of the great leader was shown by the fact that the script was already divided into acts and scenes with the skill of an experienced dramatist.

"About three weeks later I returned to the Duce, to discuss the detailed treatment of the play. While Mussolini was talking, new lines emerged.

"'I cannot understand,' I remarked, 'how the Emperor can have sought safety in the Chamber of Representatives.'

"'No political assembly,' he answered, 'has ever saved anyone; a political assembly thinks only of saving itself!'

"For the first time in my life I found myself reduced to the status of an amanuensis to a dramatist and not an independent playwright. Mussolini even thought out the scenic effects.

"A year later *Campo di Maggio* was ready for general revision. I took him the first two acts one evening at a quarter to nine. Up to that hour he had been receiving Ministers and other important people; at ten he had to preside at a meeting of the Grand Council. Indefatigable, he wanted to run through the whole of the first scene. Afterwards, when I reminded him that it was half-past nine, he smiled and said: 'Leave me the manuscript; I'll look over it to-night.'

"I pointed out that the sittings of the Grand Council lasted till after two in the morning.

"'I am a glutton for work,' he replied, 'I shall expect you at six to-morrow evening.'

"The following day, according to the newspapers, was a very busy one for him, but at six he received me; he had gone through the first two acts line by line, and made pencilled remarks and corrections. Where he had found the time was a mystery.

"He took a keen interest in the sketches for the designs for the seats of the deputies. I had had a little model of the scene constructed in wood, but I hesitated to have it brought into his study.

"'Have it brought in,' he said.

"He kept that model on his table for two days!

"When the rehearsals were well advanced I informed my *soi-disant* collaborator. He sent word that he would be present the following evening. He came with his sons and took his seat in the stalls. After the first act he commented on the nervousness of the actor who was playing the part of Napoleon. He had a word of praise for everyone. After the second act he sent the boys home; he, however, left the theatre at one o'clock and walked home.

"At the première the author came in *after* the first act. Even he is not immune from first-night nerves!

"Next morning he sent for me. 'There is one point not very clear,' said he, 'please insert the following lines . . .' and he dictated them to me.

"I made the actor learn them at once. These words invariably produce a round of applause—so sure is Mussolini's instinct for the right phrase."

I asked Signor Forzano if the collaboration with Signor Mussolini was known in Italy.

"Not at all. But of course, the secret leaked out. One day I asked for an audience and spoke to the Duce with the frankness he welcomes. 'I am in the habit of making my money honestly. If I pocket all that comes out of this play I shall be no more nor less than a cheat.'

"He looked at me. 'For some time past,' he said, 'I have not drawn any official salary. I have been living on what I earn from journalism abroad,' he said, 'that is enough for me. My family has the newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia*; that is enough for them. I want no more, and if you think there is any portion of the money to which you are not entitled, we will either give it to the Dramatic Artists' Provident Fund or it shall form a nucleus for a permanent company. In any case let it return to the profession by which it was made!'"

P. Pupino Carbonelli

A ROWING ENGAGEMENT OF NOTE: Miss Evie Kirton, the well-known international girl sculler, prepares for a row on the Thames. Her fiancé, Mr. Gilbert Lewis, pushes her shell off from the bank. The popularity of rowing among the gentle sex is symptomatic of the New Woman

A NEW CRUISER ON THE THAMES: The trial of the 40 m.p.h. Thornycroft 400 b.h.p. boat. On left is a holiday vignette on the Piscine d'Eden Roc. The possession of one of these roomy and speedy craft adds a great joy to summer days

ROUGH WEATHER AT MARGATE: Bathing has been seriously interrupted on the Thanet coast of late by rough weather. Above the waves are seen breaking over the barrier to jail and to cast their spray into the swimming pool

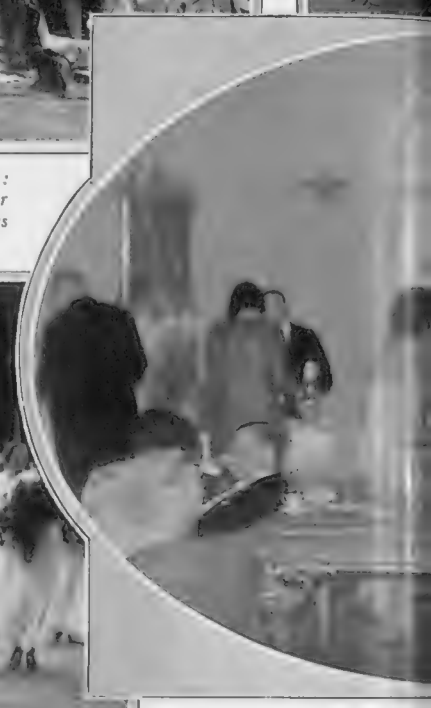
JUNE *by* SEA *and* RIVER

THE SOCIAL WHIRLIGIG of

PATRICIAN APES PLEB: Lady Diana Duff Cooper in the coster costume she wore at the Westminster Ball at the Dorchester. Lady Diana distributed favours from a barrow

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF IN MASQUERADE: A group in the pageant held at Ham House, famous for its Cabal meetings. Above—Mr. Heslewood is seen as Charles II. and Miss G. Boule as his queen

AT THE CHURCH OF MARRIAGES: Mr. Ian Malcolmson and Miss Thetis Wilson with their attractive train-bearers and bridesmaids at St. Margaret's, Westminster



AN INFORMAL SU... Westminster Ball at th... characteristic scene durin... London during the mer... co-operation of the Duche... Monsell, Lady Juliet Du... Terry Lewis, this We...

THE THIRD COURT OF THE SEASON: H.H. the Maharaj Kumari of Burdwan, younger daughter of the Maharaja of Burdwan, wearing an exquisitely embroidered sari, waits in the Malt

RHYTHMIC ART: Mlle Marcelle Valerie, whose recital of rhythmic and interpretive dancing at the Rudolf Steiner Hall last week created a sensation

IN A COMEDY OF MANNERS: Miss Adele Dixon and Miss Eva Moore as Lady Windermere and Lady Paisley in the matinée of the Wilde comedy at His Majesty's

the JUNE SEASON *in* LONDON

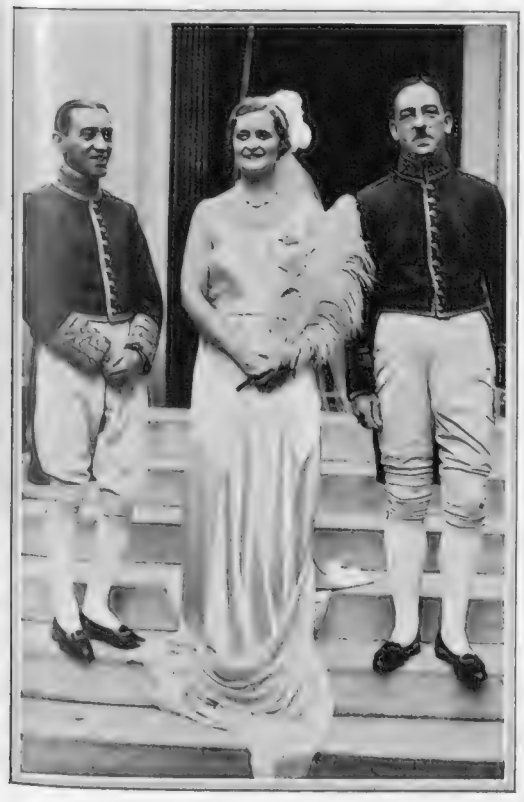
LONDON'S GARDEN CLUB: A moment during the Horse and Polo Show at Ranelagh, when the Mounted Police competed for the Ranelagh Club Challenge Cup in the grounds of the Eighteenth Century Kit-Cat Club

CELEBRATING SARAH SIDDONS: Miss Joan Buckmaster, daughter of Miss Gladys Cooper (Lady Pearson), as Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons in the centenary play by R. E. Abbott held at Hereford

Sasha PER PARTY at the Dorchester last week — a the many festivities held in month of June. With the active of Sutherland, Lady Eyres- Miss Olga Lynn, and Miss minster Ball was a great success

A 'BUS-LOAD OF BRIDESMAIDS: Eight bridesmaids and three pages assisted at the wedding of Mr. Ian Malcolmson and Miss Thetis Wilson at St. Margaret's, Westminster, whence they left by coach

WAITING IN THE MALL: Flight-Lieutenant MacClaren-Reid, R.A.F., and Mrs. MacClaren-Reid caught in the Mall by the camera while waiting to attend the Fourth Court of the Season



REPRESENTING REPUBLICAN SPAIN: Señor Ayala, the new Spanish Ambassador, Señora Ayala, and Señor Sanz, the Chargé d'Affaires, leave the Embassy for the Third Court of the Season

SUMMER-TIME MUFFS: Worn by the bridesmaids' at the St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding of Miss Bridget Kinaersley and Mr. Roderick Nicholson

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

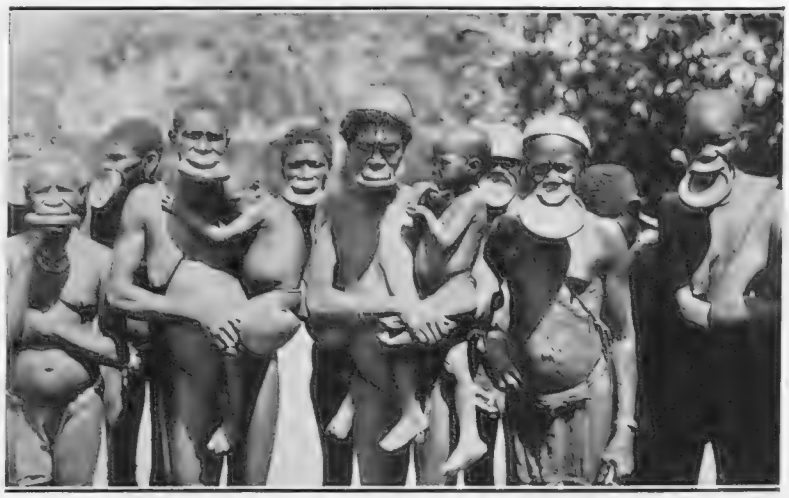
FOR PLEASURE TO THE POLE.—Mr. William B. Leeds, millionaire sportsman, and Mr. David Brooks, both American, will earn the distinction of being the world's pioneer "polar tourists." They are the first travellers to "engage passage," in the real sense of that term, to the North Pole for pleasure, excitement, thrills, and chills! They have "taken tickets" on the German airship, *Graf Zeppelin*, for the flight to meet Sir Hubert Wilkins, British explorer, in his submarine, *Nautilus*, at the North Pole. No more fantastic or adventurous rendezvous has ever been conceived. "Billy" Leeds paid a price for his ticket and that of his friend Brooks for the privilege of going on the *Graf Zeppelin* which probably will stand eternally as a record unchallenged for "passage to the North Pole."

Leeds had first intended to go to the Pole with Sir Hubert Wilkins. But after dining on board the submarine one evening he changed his mind and decided that he preferred the air route looking down upon the vast ice-barrier to groping blindly underneath in the submarine. So he changed his ticket from the *Nautilus* to the *Graf Zeppelin*.

Son of the late American millionaire "tin king," Mr. Leeds is an enthusiastic yachtsman and aviator, adventurous by nature, charming of manner, and very popular with his friends. In addition to his yacht he owns two aeroplanes. Several years ago he engaged in travel and exploration with a seaplane in the South Sea Islands. His next adventure was to marry Princess Xenia of Greece. His marriage, however, did not have the favourite American movie "happy ever after" finale and ended in the Divorce Court. In 1929 "Billy" Leeds was amongst the few who paid £1,800 to be one of the first passengers to fly with us around the globe on the historic Hearst-Zeppelin-Round-the-World Flight. His courteous and cheery manner on that trip has won him a double welcome as passenger on the polar flight.

Mr. David Brooks, aged twenty-two, is an old Etonian. He is going on the polar flight as the youngest of the forty-five persons on the Zeppelin with all the zest of youth for so unique an adventure and to keep Billy Leeds company. They will be the only "paying passengers" on board, with nothing to do but "travel" and amuse themselves. For all the rest of us—forty-three, including myself—the flight will be not only adventure but hard work. Everyone has his "job" to do, and as the sun will shine for us the whole twenty-four hours, the labour union eight-hour working day will not apply beyond the Arctic circle!

The start and the flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* are dependent upon Sir Hubert Wilkins getting through or under the ice to the vicinity of the Pole. Many call his the most perilous expedition to the Pole ever undertaken. Wagers and odds are being laid that he cannot make it. Wilkins holds that the dangers to his sub-seacraft are greatly exaggerated. He is now on the Atlantic with the *Nautilus* bound for Bergen, Norway. From there his course will be to Spitzbergen via Tromsoe.



A WORLD INTERMARRIAGE: The question of world intermarriage is being toyed with by the advance thinkers of the Left. They see, in the mixed breed which would result from racial promiscuity, a solution of a great many of the international jealousies of to-day. In practice this racial intermarriage idea would lead to certain practical difficulties. A European marrying an African for instance, would have to get used to certain local family customs which might at first seem strange to him. An alliance with a native woman from the French Congo (some of them are seen above with their offspring) would necessitate considerable adjustment on both sides

POOLING OF RACES.—Intermarriage of black, brown, yellow, and white, to "distribute in a common progeny the inheritance which each has come by in their uphill struggle through the leagues of prehistoric time toward the present." Sir Arthur Keith told his listeners in Aberdeen College the other day that such a "pooling of blood" is the price of international brotherhood and world peace. His theory, hailed here as a "bombshell," is not original. It is, in fact, one which international social thinkers are viewing with increasing interest. The suggestion of such an idea a few decades ago would have been tantamount to racial treachery. To-day it already ranks as a platform subject, and—in certain circles—as the *solution* of a social problem rather than as the problem itself.

"Intermarriage between nations is the secret of world peace," a Red Russian assured me in China four years ago. One of the Soviet Government's keenest citizens, active in the melting-pot of races agitating around the Russo-Manchurian border, this brilliant Bolshevik was remarkable for his radius of imagination and vision. In this particular instance, he referred to the strengthening racial equality of the Muslim world, of the Ancients, of the Dutch in modern Java, whose successful colonization he held to be in great part due to their having countenanced the virtual abolition of the colour-line.

France has more elastic views on the subject than have we in Britain, or Americans in the New World. The British, as a whole, nurse the sternest prejudice against the intermarriage of races, and in the Dominions and Colonies this prejudice is intensified. Half-caste children are often little happier than social pariahs. I have travelled and observed in India, China, Japan, and Africa, and, while admiring the idealism of this unitribal theory, realize that the intermarriage of races has so far proved to be detrimental to both sides. Certain successful individual cases are too personal and too special to be useful in proving the contrary.

At the present stage of human evolution, "pooling of blood" has not yet demonstrated the probability of breeding a new and superior mixed race. In the majority of instances such intermarriage has burdened the offspring with unfair difficulties in life, handicapping their pride and enterprise with helpless resentment. It is, admittedly, a question of mental attitude. Deaconess Hilda Hellaby, of the Anglican Chinese Mission in Vancouver, writing on the subject, claims that the greatest racial differences are not physical but mental—viewpoint, manners, morals, culture; the widest gulf between, that of mutual ignorance. Once these overcome, the fusion of races should be possible she believes.

Modern science, wireless, television, cinemas, aviation, rapid travel, and transport are responsible for extraordinary progress in cultural *rapprochement* between continents and races, but even this hardly seems to justify serious anticipation of a unitribal world in the history of this creation of mankind.

THE PLAGE OF THE DANUBE: A heat-wave struck Vienna with such intensity that the proletariat flocked in thousands to the shores of the Blaue Donau *in which they bathed in defiance of the warning of the Government and the prohibition of the police*

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?—"Patriotism is the greatest insanity," Charlie Chaplin, silent on the screen but talkative in real life, recently shocked the world of his admirers, rejoiced his rivals and the envious. For that reason alone I find it hard to believe that he meant to convey exactly what it is claimed he uttered. Besides, I know Charlie Chaplin personally, and his private conversation always impresses one with his unshakable affection for his birthplace, London, England. However, the phrase is on record, whatever the context, or his meaning, may have been.

If it jolted a few hundreds into wondering exactly what "patriotism" is after all; if it merely recalled the actual word to a few thousands, he has done some good at his own expense. True patriotism has little in common with so-called "nationalism"—futile watchword of the intolerant and unprogressive, menacing decay and stagnation to our still-vigorous empire. Patriotism is constructively critical, aggressive, alert, and broadening. The proof of devotion is never in apathetical acceptance of shortcomings, but objective consideration of characteristics, elements, or circumstances, favourable or the contrary to the object of affection or regard—country, cause, or fellow-creature.

"Nationalism" is too often the inversion of patriotic virtues. The Prince of Wales is a model British patriot. There is nothing narrowly "nationalistic" about him. His outlook, radius of vision, and breadth of understanding are international. Representative of all that is nationally sacred to Britain, the Prince travels to learn, to harvest new ideas, to digest new impressions, to get the other man's point of view, to see for himself how other worlds live. The nation is always able to trust his perspective and judgment in pointing out our weaknesses or vulnerability; where and how the other man is better at his job, or getting ahead of us, because—the Prince is a patriot, free of nationalistic fatuity. He comes home, not to relapse into comfortable self-satisfaction, but with constructive plans for helping the nation and empire to remedy what is indifferent and improve what is already good.

False "patriotism," denying or belittling the qualities, culture, and achievements of "foreigners" and foreign nations is in almost every case inspired by unacknowledged fear, political or commercial, of the resented country. The "insanity" of destruction, it spells also the decay of chivalry and sportsmanship. Post-War years are seeing waves of this acute "nationalism" in every land. The War has left the world a legacy of international suspicion and mistrust in place of anticipated brotherhood. War-conscious instead of peace-confident. Many countries have materially hampered their own commercial and trade reconstruction and prosperity by mistaking narrow nationalism—the prejudice, blindness, and apathy which go with it—for the benign, constructive philosophy of true patriotism.

Patriotism is, in the last analysis, the love of man for his native soil, the traditions, countryside, historical monuments of his own land, inspiring a natural, inborn desire to see those traditions respected and nobly upheld. Patriotism has little or nothing to do with respect, support, or even sympathy with his contemporary countrymen, beyond ordinary Christian behaviour. "Patriot" in the world's history books is generally synonymous with "revolutionary" or "reformer," men who daringly challenged kings and governments in the name of love of country. The Prince of Wales has challenged the apathetic and pessimistic of the empire in the name of patriotism and national pride. No obligation, real or imagined, requires even the most disgruntled to volunteer approval of political party or next-door neighbour. But common sense, even where the impulse of a nobler idealism be lacking, compels us to examine, applaud, and strive to emulate the constructively patriotic example of our fearless princely leader. Patriotism is the greatest sanity. To-day, especially, it is more than ever a vital aspect of national and imperial self-preservation.

THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA: The famous Temple has just been re-endowed with the Seinbu *and the* Hngetmana *(the jewelled wind-vane). The tiered sides of the edifice were assailed by dense crowds which climbed up its exterior. The newly placed portions are of magnificent Oriental opulence*

A MYSTERY OF INDIA: The Sree Bugga, a centre of pilgrimage in South India, en fête. *The mystery is whence the water, seen above, emanates within the inner precincts of the temple. The pilgrims bathe ritually in the neighbouring Holy River Kusastala and the actual temple water*

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE EAST

"BARBARIC PEARL AND GOLD": The Seinbu *and the* Hngetmana *(the jewelled wind-vane) of exquisite design re-affixed to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon, recently. This opulent ornamentation is constructed entirely of gold and precious stones, and is valued at a minimum of £10,000. Traditionally, the pagoda was erected in the sixth century B.C. to enshrine eight hairs of Gautama. This most venerated object of worship in all Indo-Chinese lands stands on a fortified hill and is built of gilded brick and tapers to a cone 321 ft. from the ground. Part of its outer building was recently burned*

Through Coral Seas to China :

Impressions of the Celebes en route for Hong Kong

By R. V. C. BODLEY

A "Sphere" Correspondent now in the Far East who is Describing Conditions in the New China of To-day in Subsequent Issues

"The S.S. *Tjikembang* will sail from Soerabaya on the 28th for Hong-Kong and Shanghai via ports in Borneo and the Celebes. There is limited passenger accommodation. For all particulars as to freight, etc., apply to the company's office." . . . A small paragraph on the back page of a local Java newspaper which completely altered my plans and in many ways influenced the rest of my life.

The siren blew its three blasts, my friends hurried back to their offices, and as the ship cast its moorings and glided out of the harbour and into the Straits of Madoera, a definite thrill ran through me at the thought of all the new things I was going to see, and at the almost sensual prospect of long warm days lazing through smooth green tropical seas, peeping at coral islands, calling here and there at sun-baked ports with their wharves seething with chattering brown people. Cargoes of sugar and kapok from the fertile soil of Java, rotan from the impenetrable Borneo jungles, copra from the smiling villages of the Celebes. . . .

For thirty hours we sailed through an oily sea, until on the second morning at dawn the coral islands, which protect the harbour of Macassar, showed their feathery heads over the horizon, became more defined, and were finally left behind as we berthed at the most important southerly port of the Celebes.

Drab tin sheds reverberating the heat of the morning sun, yelling natives, creaking pulleys, those sights and sounds of harbours all over the world, made me hasten on shore and take refuge in a broken-down Dodge driven by a brown man of little mechanical experience, who whirled me away from the roar of the wharves to a paradise of palms trees and luxuriant grass-covered open spaces, round which clustered the European quarter of the town.

I was interested, and I was agreeably surprised (my only general knowledge about the Celebes being a rather vague recollection of birds of paradise and of copra oil which had caused Rowland to make a fortune, and the anti-macassar to disfigure all respectable houses of the period), as after the advanced methodical civilization of Java everything seemed to be much more picturesque. The natives appeared to be less sophisticated and pleasanter mannered, the atmosphere was more natural, less business-like, and yet the European occupation of this part of the Celebes dates back for centuries, and in the old churchyard in Macassar I saw Dutch tombstones with seventeenth-century inscriptions raising their crumbling headstones out of the rapidly encroaching jungle, with here and there occasional graves of Englishmen who administered the country under Raffles at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The country outside the town was equally unexpected, the native villages more picturesque with their bamboo huts perched on wooden logs 8 or 9 ft. above the ground, surrounded by lovely flowering trees. And farther on the mountains covered with dense jungle and tremendous forests through which jade-green rivers cut their way or hurled themselves over precipitous cliffs in roaring waterfalls.

I would have willingly remained longer in Macassar, but the cargo of copra and rotan was loaded, and at sundown we set off on a north-westerly course, heading for Borneo.

I stood for a while leaning on the bulwarks, watching the receding coast all golden in the rays of the setting sun, while a Chinese couple sobbed on the lower deck gazing tearfully at the spot where, a little time before, they had said good-bye to their almond-eyed relations, who, profiting by the advantageous exchange rates, were sending their tropic-born children to catch chills for the first time in their native land.

Coral islands next day, a soft breeze on the starboard bow, and a complete peace of mind. In the small saloon an American missionary, *en route* for the Philippines, read his breviary and wrote sermons or alternatively swapped lies about his experiences in Central Africa with a chartered accountant from Seattle who had once lived in New Guinea.

I celebrated my birthday with the Dutch captain, who was a teetotaller and thought chiefly in terms of contract bridge.

Dawn next morning came with a roar of machinery and the nauseating smell of crude oil. We were at Balik Papan, the end of the pipe-lines which bring the oil from the middle of the Borneo jungles to the refineries of the B.P.M., Anglo-Dutch, and Shell Companies. A grim, barren, evil-smelling place, a good example of how vile modern inventions can make a place of natural beauty. Barely thirty years ago this whirring settlement of 40,000 inhabitants, with its factories and shops and reservoirs and harbours and clubs, was as the jungle on the opposite side of the bay, where the mangrove swamps, infested with monkeys and crocodiles, run down to the sea. A curious sensation being in the midst of this ultra modern business atmosphere when one realizes that Borneo is as yet undeveloped, without any means of communication except where there happens to be a navigable river, and has a population roughly estimated at under three inhabitants to the square kilometre, even those few inhabitants, the famous Dayak head-hunters, now much restrained in their bloodthirsty activities and reduced to having carved wooden heads as their only trophies, will not come out of the jungle to work, so that all the labour at Balik Papan has to be imported from Java and the F.M.S.

BALIK PAPAN, EAST BORNEO: The author holding a carved wooden head which the Dayaks now substitute for the real human head which every young brave had to produce before he was considered worthy to be called a man. A few years ago a young Dayak head-hunter would stalk any man from another village, shoot him with his blow pipe, and, cutting off his head, return to his family proven worthy of marrying a wealthy girl. Since however the Dutch law made this practice illegal the Dayaks, to keep up appearances, carve their enemy's face out of wood and make believe that they have really beheaded him

The general manager of the British Petroleum Maatschapy met me and took me round the settlement in his car, an astonishing experience, as quite apart from the ultra-modern methods of manufacturing oil products everything else seemed to be done with methodical attention to detail. There was not a thing, from a complicated piece of machinery to a bottle of soda water, which was not made on the spot. The European employees' houses were designed and built by the staff; the club, the tennis courts, the cinema, were under a special department. I was shown the garages for the hundred or so taxis, and fifty motor-buses run for the benefit of the workers, model coolie lines, streets of picturesque European bungalows with nice gardens, swimming-pools, and well-stocked shops. "In fact," as my host said to me proudly, "every person in Balik Papan is a member of the B.P.M. staff, and we want to make our exile here as pleasant as possible."

And it is an exile, a really unpleasant exile with no relief. For though on the edge of a beautiful country the life of the people is entirely concentrated at Balik Papan or at the oilfields inland, which can only be reached on foot along the pipe-line or by boat up the river. In both cases a nine-hour journey in the worst kind of tropical climate.

I felt relieved when the ship had finished loading the evil-smelling drums of oil for Shanghai and we were able to turn our backs on what is, I suppose, one of the most stupendous but revolting achievements of modern engineering.

Islands, coral islands, volcanic islands, strewed our path. The sun blazed down, casting no shadow at noon. And so we slipped on through the warm atmosphere, reading a little, resting a little, thinking a lot, eating good food and listening to the Dutch captain's stories of typhoons in the China Sea. Our lives had become simplified, and there was no sea goblin in the carnal form of the Sport's Secretary to make our existence tiresome. . . . Voices at dawn and the clatter of chains made me lift my head to the level of the porthole. A light mist lay on the water, out of which palm trees mysteriously raised feathery crests, canoes floated fairy-like in the gossamer atmosphere; in the background green hills, forest covered, stood outlined against the golden sky—an elf-land picture which, as the sun rose, defined itself into beaches, and huts, and tiny bays with innumerable palm trees growing down to the rippling sea.

Menado, at the northern point of the Celebes, is what one has always imagined a tropical island of Stevenson to be like. The little town with its stores and broken down conveyances keeps up the illusion, and entering the Hotel Wilhelmina the pyjamaed proprietor, an ex-chef from a restaurant in Paris, might have stepped out of the pages of *Ebb Tide*. A pleasant man, this ex-chef, who spoke distantly of the boulevards which he would probably never see again, urging me to stay at his hotel and taste his *omelette à la provençale* with a bottle of a wine, the name of which he whispered to me reverently. A pleasant man, whose complete indifference to the outside world tempted me much to settle on this palm-green shore.

Unfortunately the ship had only a small cargo of copra to take on board, and a hundred Chinese returning to visit their celestial brethren in China, so we had to sail before I had really seen anything, but I discovered that from Menado steamers go monthly to the Sangir Islands and down to the Moluccas collecting copra, so that at the first opportunity I shall return and stay at the Hotel Wilhelmina, where the friendly landlord further explained that in addition to his *cuisine exquise* he offered another inducement in *pension* terms, reduced progressively according to the length of stay, so that if one remained long enough one would eventually be boarding for nothing!

The people of Menado and the surrounding province of Minahassa are Christians, so much so that the majority of the coolies wear European hats with semi-native clothes, the better classes being dressed in ancient black suits of all cuts, from 1870 frock coats and swallow tails to plus fours, with straw or bowler hats, but rarely shoes. A road sweeper to whom I gave a parcel of fruit (the smallest quantity I could buy for a cent, but too heavy to carry back to the ship) wore an alpaca cut-away coat, shorts, bare feet, and a straw hat which he raised in courtly salute as I left him with my meagre present.

The Muhammadans of Menado * live away in a quarter near the Chinese, and are more picturesque in their *batik sarongs* than their Christian brethren.

We passed into the Sulu Sea at sunset the next day. Basilan, the most southerly island of the Philippines, glittered in a sea of fire, little canoes with brown sails darted perilously close to the bows of our ship as they made for their homes on the water's edge. The captain told me that the Sulu Islands are quite undeveloped and the inhabitants savages who need no encouragement to murder unarmed strangers who inadvertently land on their shores.

There are, I believe, seven hundred islands in the Philippine group, but I only saw about twenty, and their rather barren, inhospitable aspect did not tempt me to return and see the remaining six hundred and eighty.

I think that it is a pity to come to Manilla from the garden loveliness of the Dutch East Indies. The harbour is magnificent, a land-locked miniature sea in itself, guarded by blue mountains, but as one approaches the breakwater the country looks flat and uninviting, the town grey and dusty. This impression is not dispelled on landing; for though there is a pleasant residential quarter looking over the sea, and a delightful polo club, picturesque as well as up to date, there is none of the smiling colour of Java.

The original town, narrow streeted and definitely Spanish, is still enclosed by the old walls pierced by imposing gates, but where once the sea lapped the fortifications the land has been reclaimed and the moat has become the municipal golf course.

Occasionally one sees a medieval-looking friar in brown habit, or a Filipino girl in the old-time brilliantly coloured costume, flounced and laced, but the men, though dusky skinned, are dressed like men in any other Europeanized city of the world, and fail like all others to make a modern suit look dignified or picturesque.

A friend of mine whom I encountered in Manilla told me that the interior of the island was beautiful and that there was a fine hill station with bathing, golf, and tennis. I had no time to investigate these modern improvements, but to avoid disappointment I would urge travellers to come to the Philippines from the barren ugliness of China, as it is obvious that any place will look tame after the gorgeous loveliness of the Dutch Indies.

The China Sea was unexpectedly calm during our two days crossing to Hong-Kong. I had always heard stomach-curdling tales of the furies of the typhoons, but we never saw or heard the like of one, which I discovered afterwards was quite normal as it was not the typhoon season! What I did notice was the drop in temperature, as rising on the morning of our arrival in Hong-Kong I automatically put on my white drill, but was met by such a different atmosphere to that of the previous two days that I hastily found my only thick suit which I had kept out against emergencies. That is one of the troubles of the Equatorial tropics; they make one forget that other parts of the world have seasons.

Hong-Kong climbing up its steep slopes to a precipitous peak, does not belie its reputation of being one of the most beautiful harbours in the world, and at night, whether one is looking down at the ships riding at anchor or from the mainland across at the fairy aspect of myriads of lights twinkling on the hillside, the effect is exquisite.

The "native" part of the city is picturesque and much more Chinese than one would expect to find after reading about the modernizing of China. The European shops are excellent, and owing to the port being "free" the goods are absurdly cheap. The British residents have their homes dotted about the peak, which is disconcerting at first, especially when after dining out one is obliged to return to the lower levels down precipitous slopes in a chair carried by coolies dressed in strange bamboo leaf suits!

* The greater proportion of the inhabitants of the Dutch East Indies are Muhammadans. Menado is an exception.

CHINA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

OUT OF BOUNDS TO BRITISH SAILORS: The Willow Pattern Temple, Shanghai. This is situated in the Chinese city, and the neighbourhood is considered dangerous for Europeans. A strong contrast is offered in this picture between the traditional architecture of Cathay and the strident modernity of the posters. Although printed in the ideograph script, made familiar to European eyes by the "characters" of Mah Jongg, if by nothing else, the pictures shown on them are pre-eminently Occidental

THE ANTI-DEVIL BRIDGE: A feature of Soochow. The "hump" in the bridge is due to the Chinese superstition that devils move like a rook at chess, straight; zig-zags and slopes can not be negotiated by evil spirits

MODERN DESERT TRANS-PORT

A DESERT LIVE-STOCK TRAILER: A passenger and freight bus bound for El Djem beneath the amphitheatre walls of which the district market is held. To it natives travel immense distances with sheep and goats, corn, tomatoes, rugs, and brass-ware. Motor transport has adapted itself to their peculiar needs as may be seen above. The pneumatic-tyred cage carries the live-stock while the owner rides in the bus—at a cost of a farthing a mile. *Inset above* is a dusty vision of modern desert travel. It shows Fraulein Stinnes blinding at full speed over a *piste*—an unmade road of the Sahara

THE MARKET: Under the walls of the giant amphitheatre of El Djem (the ancient Thysdrus) in Tunisia, the market is held. The native population, despite their Islamic conservatism, have wholeheartedly adopted the motor-bus (one of the most brilliant of French Colonial innovations) as a means of transport thereto. Bus services are generally operated under subsidy and carry the mails from the railhead to the interior. A journey of 200 miles is not uncommon. The buses are fast and are quite modern, the upholstery being in surprisingly good condition. Following the continental custom, the coaches are divided into first, second, and third class compartments

Transport is the secret of French success in developing North Africa. What rapid strides have been made will be seen from the pictures on this page. Tourists can motor across the Sahara in luxury from Touggourt or Colomb Bechar to Timbuctoo. Far more important, however, from the point of view of colonisation, is the elaborate system of motor omnibus routes for goods and passengers. These cars which ply along the whole length of the littoral and exploit all the interior, are rapidly replacing the modern railway and the ancient camel train

The GOD of SONG

An Intimate Study of Challiapine, Now Evil Tartar Prince, Now Joyous Friend

By W. HOLT-WHITE

In the great days of Covent Garden Opera there were "Melba nights." And those were the greatest nights of all.

Now at the Russian Ballet there are "Challiapine nights." And those are the greatest nights the Russian Ballet knows. They are nights which move even the blasé critics to a sort of wondering praise. For Challiapine casts a spell wheresoe'er he moves and breathes and has his being. And his magic is not merely the music of his voice. It is the magic of the man himself which binds the spell so fast.

Take his incursion into *Prince Igor* as the Tartar Khan. He sang only for a few minutes; but his raid into that opera was as swift, as sudden, as ruthless, and as overwhelming as any raid which might have been compassed by the savage Khan, whose part he played.

He was not Challiapine. He was the swart, lowering, towering, over-mastering Khan. His people, his puppet people, trembled with a real fear as his voice flowed over them like a torrent. He was master there; and he triumphed.

He triumphed over the audience who, hushed for a moment when he had ceased singing, rose at him as silence and the curtain fell.

But that triumph was as nothing to the victory which shook and overwhelmed the Tartar camp behind the scenes. There, two hundred of his own compatriots, stilled by stern hisses to silence, stood and worshipped him from the wings.

To the audience he may be an idol. To the chorus of his own countrymen he is a god.

. . . . . .

It is a matter of personality; and if personality can dominate other gifts which are in themselves genius, then Challiapine's personality is a sort of super genius.

If you sit and watch his face under the light in his dressing-room and listen to his talk and note his movements you begin to wonder how many separate entities he embodies.

He will rise as you enter, and though, sheeted in the sort of wrapper one associates with the barber's chair, will receive you with the majesty of some benign monarch. He stands grave and looming in the little room like some kindly king.

You explain your mission and he listens, leaning towards you slightly, his rock-like, rugged head with its short, wiry, grey hair inclined at an absurdly bird-like angle. He looks in that white wrapper rather like a surgeon dressed for the performance of an operation. And what a surgeon he would make—what a bed-side manner.

Enter a man connected with the management. A courteous, stooping man of figures. Challiapine listens with intent gaze and lips compressed into a rigid line. That is the face of the "money king" as the Americans portray that type upon the films. Enter next a longish-haired fellow with a score-book. With a finger tracing the score, he raises a point beyond my understanding. Challiapine's face brightens. This is music. He hums a snatch. With his right hand, immense, yet curiously delicate, he conducts his own humming. The man with the score-book bows. Challiapine beams. That point is settled.

Next a young woman—a young English woman. She is a member of the publicity staff; and evidently she knows her business. She and Challiapine talk pleasantly in French. He gives her a little pat. He is now the ideal father. Challiapine has ten children—mostly daughters. *He* understands young women. *They* adore him.

And then a friend. Ah! Challiapine's face is radiant. He is wading in his wrapper towards the visitor. He has his hands on his shoulders. He is smiling down into his face. This is Challiapine, the friend—the kindest man in the world.

And this is the scowling Tartar of *Prince Igor*.

Thus you realise what a complete artist the man is. An artist in business, an artist in music, an artist in friendship, an artist throughout all the gamut of life.

Challiapine is about to rehearse for Igor. That, one might imagine, would be an ordeal for all concerned. But it is not so. It is the shortest, simplest business. Indeed, but for the overmastering sway of Challiapine, one might conceive the brief incident to be an unnecessary farce.

Challiapine as the Tartar Prince is to be brought a bowl of water that he may wash his hands as he enters the camp. The bowl is to be brought in to the singing of an escort of maidens. One then is to hand him a towel. Challiapine in a brown suit strolls down stage. He is greeted in soft accents by the chorus of young women in European walking costumes, their quaint, piquant-painted Russian faces, glowing beneath Paris hats.

They greet Challiapine as they greet their father. He greets them as he might greet a bevy of daughters. "Now listen!" His great head thrust forward, every muscle taut beneath his brown suit, he tells them with quick, passionate intensity how they must dance in, how they must sing, and how they must depart. The bodies of the young women sway as they follow the rhythm of his compelling hands. They understand. "*Da! da!*"

The brief scene is enacted. It goes like musical clockwork. At its climax, Challiapine with the air of an Emperor in mufti, hands back the towel to a kneeling slave. Then he sings, *sotto voce*, a few bars and it is over.

Challiapine waves his smiling thanks. The young women wave adieux. There is a scurry of their departing feet. Challiapine has rehearsed.

. . . . . .

Down in the stalls, half buried behind a vast score-book, supported on either side by young men with equally portentous score-books, is a sleek haired, suave figure. Sir Thomas Beecham.

Enter from the prompt side a business-like fellow with a camera. A press photographer. Oh yes! he has an appointment.

With an Olympian gesture Challiapine seems to lift the urbane Sir Thomas from the stalls to a seat at a cottage piano on the stage. They will be victimised together.

Sir Thomas runs his white fingers with incomparable grace over the rattling keys. He grimaces.

"Dates from Queen Victoria," he complains.

"I trust," says a heavy voice from the dress circle, "that you are not maligning our piano."

Sir Thomas laughs. Challiapine laughs. The man in the dress circle laughs. Even the press photographer laughs.

Bang! Flash! "Thank you!"

Challiapine blinks and rumples his hair. It is the fifteenth time he has been "flashed" that week.

. . . . . .

Challiapine night. Prince Igor. Crowded in front, of course. Butif it is crowded in front it is packed behind.

"Mind your backs!" The stolid English scene-shifters plough their way with heavy "props" through an almost solid phalanx of Russian chorus and English "supers."

The stage, in the wings and behind the backcloth, is jammed with figures in costumes, the colours of which are so vivid that even in these dim recesses the reds and greens of dress and cloak shine like bright lights.

As time goes on so the press grows greater, and now, through it gently thrusting, come men and women in evening dress. They greet the principal singers standing by the prompt box. There is a clicking of heels and a kissing of hands as the men do honour to the ladies, and thereafter much whispered conversation. Russia is talking to Russia in the Lyceum, London.

"*Stand by for Challiapine!*"

There is a rustle and a bustle, instantly suppressed by sybilant hisses.

A little Russian stage manager hops round like a cat on hot bricks as he pours out instructions to the men at the light switches.

"Less whites, less whites! Now! When I say one, two, dree, amber, den red, den amber, den der blues. You onnerstan'? Yes?"

Challiapine.

The great man comes down the steps leading from the dressing-rooms. But this is not the kindly Challiapine of an hour ago. Here is a figure of majestic, stalking evil. His yellow face is Mongol. Beneath his great black slanting brows his eyes glint between yellow lids. His great yellow hands are clenched. He moves swiftly, lithely, like some sullen sinuous tiger through the crowd which parts before him. Thus he makes his way to the O.P. side.

Challiapine, the genial, is dead. In his place is a Tartar Khan. And what a Tartar!

Challiapine, the Tartar, makes his entrance, and every Russian who is not engaged in the actual scene, surges forward into the wings in eagerness to see and hear the God of Song. The prompt box overflows with men and women in evening dress. The Tartar soldiery cross their spears as Boy Scouts might cross their staffs, to stem the rush. Other lusty Tartar soldiers swing Tartar maidens on to their shoulders or make scaffolding of their arms on which other Tartar maids stand to see Challiapine sing.

He sings. But does he sing?

Surely this is no human voice? It is more like the sound of many waters, falling and falling in a booming cascade into some resounding cavern. It is not the voice of any man. It is a voice which one might conceive as coming from some god of Olympus. No wonder these Russians think of him as the God of Song.

The Tartar Prince is rumbling now like a volcano. An absurd thought flashes through my mind. What a voice that Tartar chief would have if one could only catch him and train him. I had forgotten Challiapine. I was in the grip of the Tartar.

And now his voice begins to rise, it rises like a raging, tearing, howling wind. One feels that all the scene will be swept away before the blast of it. A note like the laugh of some maniacal monster. Then a sudden and shattering silence. Challiapine has ceased singing and the world seems empty of all sound.

The stunned audience recovers consciousness. As the curtain falls there is a roar of applause like the roaring of breakers on a beach.

The Russians in the wings would also burst into roaring applause if they were not hissed into comparative quietude by the frantic stage manager. As it is, the Tartar soldiery cry "Bravo!" and the Tartar maidens blow kisses as the swart, lowering, towering Tartar cleaves his way through their ranks.

The scowling Tartar Khan bursts like a whirlwind into his dressing-room. But in the twinkling of a Mongol eye he has gone. And there is Challiapine, jolly as you please, laughing, laughing.

Artists Both: *Sir Thomas Beecham and Challiapine*

"A LIFE ON THE

The First Intimate Camera Pictures Taken of Life on a Great Liner, Re

FRIENDLY ADVICE: The purser chats to passengers. It is to this officer that many thankless tasks fall: the hearing and correction of complaints; the straightening out of mistakes in booking

CINEMATOGRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT: The Talkies have become such an integral part of life that sound films are shown on all big White Star liners

IDYLL OF THE AFTERNOON! That most indispensable of British institutions *le five-o-clock*—is, in fine weather, served on deck. The regulation deck chairs are quite convenient to support the tray brought by the white-coated steward

"CORPORE SANO": A work-out in the gymnasium. To kee the circuit of the deck became boring as a promenade, and for exercise. Nowadays, however, a well-equipped gymnasiu and health of the passe

CHILDISH GAMES FOR ADULT PLAYERS: Galas and gymkhanas are held with commendable frequence on first-class ships and the most amusing events are organized. Above a hobby horse meeting is seen in full swing. Such a race provides both thrills for the participants and amusement for the bystander

FANCY DRESS: Miss Waller, Mr. Corkhill, and Mr. Hutchins at one of the popular balls held on every first-class long-distance ship

Life on shipboard has never before been recorded in intimate photographic fashion, so that the pictorial history of the *dolce far niente* days of a cruise or a voyage reproduced above, taken by the now famous *Sashalite* process, recalls to the experienced and reveals to the uninitiate the pleasures of

OCEAN WAVE"

ecorded by Sasha on Board the White Star Liner, M.V. " Britannic "

GALA NIGHT: A group including Messrs. A. Humphries, J. Hillary, W. H. Webb, and G. E. Hales seated at a table and enjoying the fun and favours of a first-class London supper club

THE "SHORT ONE": A cocktail party given in the Smoke-room by Mr. and Mrs. Myerle. This type of entertainment is as popular on shipboard as it is on land and the sea-breezes make it doubly welcome

p fit on ship-board used to be difficult for a passenger, because shuffle-board—the invariable pastime—afforded no opportunities m forms a cardinal feature of a first-class boat and the enjoyment ngers is greatly improved

EVENING AMUSEMENT: Quite apart from the inevitable bridge and poker, the evenings never flag on a good ship. Dances are held whenever the weather permits, although to dance uphill (as the surface cants) is a strange sensation

"NUTS AND WINE": The Mensforth table and Mrs. Cave enjoy the last course of the luxurious cuisine afforded by this first-class liner

Pictures by SASHA

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM: A long sea-voyage to a travelling family used to be a severe ordeal, but on a modern vessel special care is taken of the young idea. A nursery is set apart as a playroom, and there the kiddies have their meals and play to their hearts' content

"a life on the ocean wave." The activities of the average ship-board day are seen above—the work-out in the gym, to keep fit; the dancing, the galas, the gymkhanas, the alfresco tea, the dinner, the cocktail party—and even the children's hour—all the features that go to make travel a delight.

DENIZENS *of the* DEEPS

Fish, Large and Small, in Captivity, and Swans in Semi-Wild State

AQUEOUS BEES ROUND A PISCINE HONEYPOT: Sticklebacks in the Brighton Aquarium swarm round the whiting given them for their daily meal

ON HUNGER STRIKE: A 14-ft. shark in an Australian aquarium forcibly fed with skinned rabbits. Captive sharks often refuse to eat

WINGS INVERTED AND DISPLAYED: A wild male swan on an eyot in a Scottish loch, defends his nest (on which he sits) from the imagined assault of the photographer

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL PICK - A - BACK: There is keen competition by this brood of nine cygnets to ride on their mother's back. Their habitat is the Thames near Oxford. All swans are birds-royal in England by law and when found in a wild state on rivers are presumed to be owned by the King—a prerogative which may be delegated to a subject. To keep wild swans (which bear a nick) one must own land and have a grant from the Crown. Tame swans, however, may be kept with full ownership by private persons. A fine of five shillings is imposed for every swan egg destroyed and whoever steals a swan commits felony

PARENTAL FEROCITY: Four cygnets were born near Windsor a few days ago and on the second day after hatching they went for their first swim in charge of their mother. Other swans attacked the brood in jealousy and killed one. The father now attacks any swan which comes near the remainder of his family. Swans are said to have been brought to England from Cyprus by Cœur de Lion. They live for about fifty years and are said to mate for life

'Tis the voice
of the Lobster,

I heard him declare,
"I am ready for dinner, if Guinness is there."
As a duck demands peas, so a lobster appeals
For a Guinness at dinner and other such meals.
It brings out the flavour, the epicures say,
(And who should know more about flavour
than they?)
A lobster's a good thing, but do not forget a
Lobster with Guinness is twenty times better.

GUINNESS
and LOBSTER

G.E. 167

Wills's
Capstan
The value is in the Cigarettes

C.C.326A

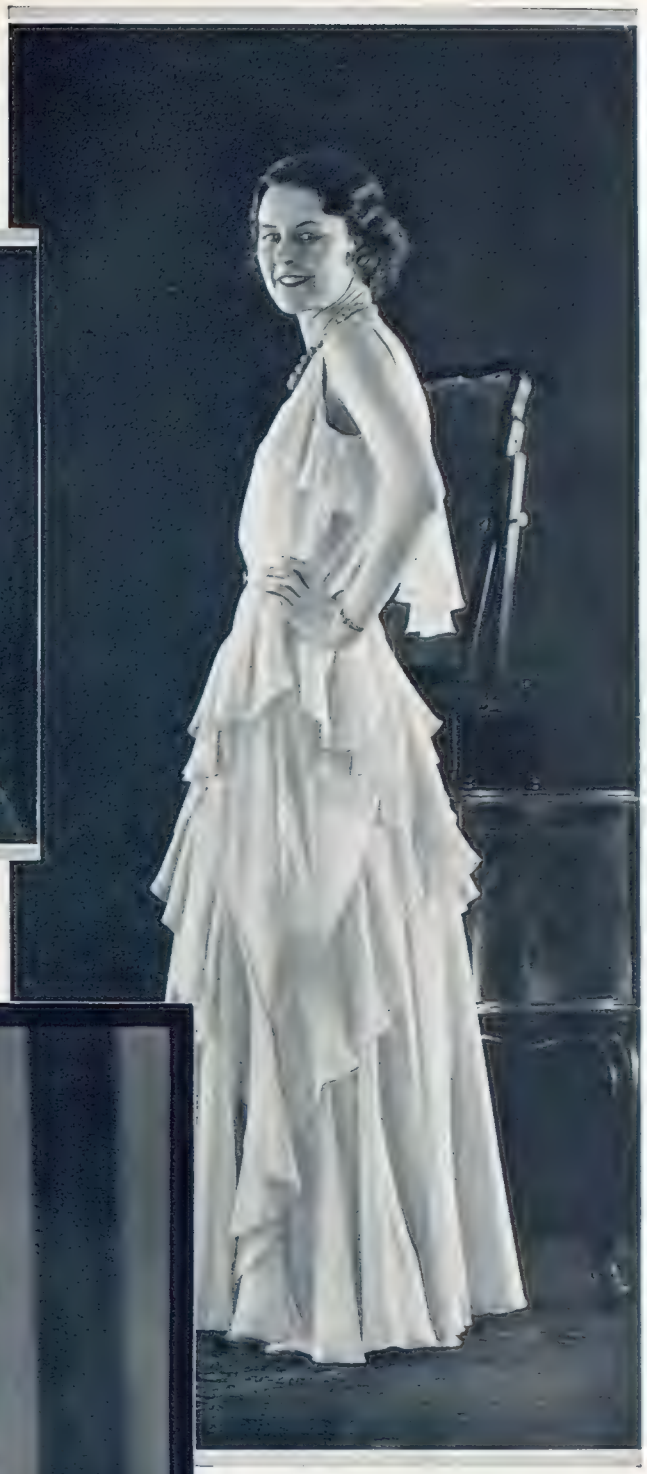
WOMEN

Of Distinction

FOUR DETECTIVES TO WATCH HER BACK: Mme Vera Coury, the leader of Paris fashion who spends £10,000 a year on dress, here wears a model with back-straps in genuine diamonds. Four detectives followed her when she wore it

Lafayette

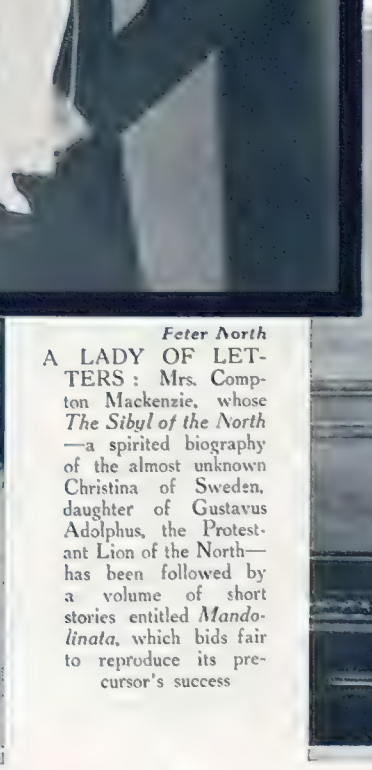
PRESENTED AT COURT: Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth, the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth



DEBUTANTE FASHION: An enchanting frock in oleander pink chiffon which features the flounce—a treatment for many years discarded but which, with the return of the long skirt, has come once more into its own

Peter North

THE COUNTESS HOWE: The wife of Earl Howe who, before he succeeded to the earldom, was the celebrated motorist, Viscount Curzon. Lady Howe is also a Curzon, being a cousin of the Earl. The family numbers among its ancestors the famous Admiral who won the famous victory of "The Glorious First of June" in which the *Vengeur* was sunk to provide Barrère with his greatest historical myth



Peter North

A LADY OF LETTERS: Mrs. Compton Mackenzie, whose *The Sibyl of the North*—a spirited biography of the almost unknown Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant Lion of the North—has been followed by a volume of short stories entitled *Mandolinata*, which bids fair to reproduce its precursor's success

APPOINTED BY THE SPANISH REPUBLIC: Señorita Victoria Kent, a well-known pioneer of feminine enterprise in Spain, has just been given the responsible position of Chief Director of Prisons by the Zamorra Government

CHEMICAL and GYMNASTIC LOVE

Featured in a Novel from Hungary—and Other Literary Matters

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Fashions in literature are as transitory as those in women's clothes. What has become, I wonder, of that countless brood of Russian geniuses whose works flooded the markets during the War years? It seemed as if every obscure Russian writer was somehow translated and prefaced, so that the sure way to fame was to describe how Uncle Ilyanovitch flogged little Tchouvachi with the family slipper, what time Mother Olga Ignatonovitch sat mumbling by the samovar. Then there was Mr. Hugh Walpole, who went into the Dark Forest for a few days, or weeks, and caught the Russian fever, while, in various literary societies up and down the country, Mr. Stephen Graham told of strange journeyings into the land of Martha and Mary, and filled us so full of Russian mysticism that we went and ate bortsch to the sound of the balalaika. Then the Treaty of Brest-Litvosk put a sudden check to our Russian enthusiasm, and suddenly, as quickly as they had come, the horde of geniuses disappeared. I suppose there are Russians still writing novels 500,000 words long, in the first hundred of which the neurasthenic hero is wondering whether Uncle Dmitri Petrovitch Itinerinski will leave him his black tie when he dies, on p. 1156, with full medical details.

I am reminded of these dreary stretches of the Russian literary landscape by the appearance of *Two Prisoners*, by Lajos Zilahy (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). The dedication seemed so true to style—"to the memory of Stephan Beszedits, over whose nameless grave at Clebowitz rises a wooden cross." Five hundred pages of close type were also characteristic of the Russian vogue. I opened the book somewhat prejudiced. The first line was ominous. "It was seven o'clock of a September evening, a taragato* . . ." I followed the asterisk to the bottom of the page to learn that the taragato was not an insect but a wind instrument whose sound resembles that of the oboe. I sighed. Uncle Ilyanovitch was sure to be in the offing with that slipper. And then the next line riveted my attention. I was not in Russia but in Hungary. The scene was set in Budapest, and Budapest still awakens in me the liveliest memories despite Mr. Noel Coward's detestable jerky *Zigeune*. And those gipsies, by the way, are about as authentic as Mrs. Hull's sheikhs, their café music can be bettered in any Lyons' teashop. Happily the enchantment of Budapest does not depend upon jerky gipsies or *Bitter Sweet* melodies. There is a certain light at evening that falls on Fisher's Bastion, that glazes the waters of the Danube, which at this part of its course is never blue, Strauss notwithstanding, that silhouettes the magnificent pile of the Royal Palace, a light that once seen is never forgotten, like the burning hour of the pines on the Pincio, or those incandescent moments when the Euganean Hills tower immense across the Venetian lagoons.

So I began to read *Two Prisoners*, and its immense length slipped by me unnoticed. There is a naïve quality in the writing of Zilahy. Like most Hungarians he is, as the American psychologist would say, physically-based. He smells his people, he is obsessed with the touch of the skin, the shape of limbs, the sexual ecstasy of the young, and there is a medical vocabulary that makes me strongly suspect that this novelist qualified in the wards of an hospital, and probably knows more about the use of the scalpel than the pen. It is, perhaps, foolish for me to say that this novel is a little too frank, that certain libraries will always inform its customers that it is "out," and that its physical passages will offend the delicacy of many readers—human curiosity is too strong to make such warning effective. But the frankness is so openly physical that it remains healthy. The truly libidinous book never calls a spade a muck-rack but a horticultural utensil. Zilahy wastes no words upon his sulphurous young men. He has not cultivated that Glyn-Cross style which is best described as the *risqué* and asterisky, with the morning sun rising at the head of the next chapter, and the heroine rising with a headache.

But I almost revolted on p. 27 when Peter lapsed into an Hungarian rhapsody. We must now add the chemico-complex to our list of refined vices.

"The flesh, the blood, and the skin of a feminine body, he said to himself, must emit rays to which only those men were sensitive whose blood, flesh, bones, and hair were composed of the same chemicals. That was love."

Love in the laboratory, with a chemical affinity discovered in the crucible of desire, to continue the simile. But worse followed in the next paragraph. Chemistry gives place to comedy.

"How good it would be to kiss Miette's silken, sweet-smelling nape, where the hair twisted up, in the hollow where the mouth could rest and the lips sink comfortably down. . . . Then he buried his face in the little white pillow and, biting his lips, sought on the pillow the unknown taste of Miette's wide, moist mouth. . . . In the sensuousness of his imagination he attacked the girl, struggled with her, conquered her."

Love among the gymnasts surely, with Sir Bernard Spilsbury waiting round the corner with an arsenical smile.

I do not find passages like this objectionable, I find them funny. It is such shoddy desperate art that you hear the writer's brain creaking. What does distress me is that a writer of such genuine ability as is displayed in this book should be so entirely lacking in self-criticism as to allow ludicrous passages such as I have quoted. The story is a simple one, told with fervour and arresting throughout. Peter and Miette are young lovers in Budapest. Their adolescent passion is skilfully portrayed, the poetry of youth, its dreams, its anguish, its sense of frustration, are all forcibly conveyed. Then the war comes and we have some excellent scenes on the Russian Front, in Tobolsk, with a memorable vignette of the unhappy Tsar, and in Budapest. The real interest centres, however, in what is clearly the author's chief theme—the terrible strain imposed on two young creatures separated by war immediately after their honeymoon year. The immense problem that arises when a man is separated from his wife throughout the long years of anguish, the breakdown of the man's moral standards, the temptation to the woman and her battle to keep faith, these aspects of war in its domestic complications are delicately and sympathetically presented. Herr Zilahy gives infinite attention to detail, and in his gallery of Hungarian characters there are many memorable portraits as well as a vivid presentation of the terrible despair that seizes the prisoner of war, eating his heart out in an internment camp. The end has a touch of irony which comes straight from life.

"T," for eighteen years the dramatic critic of *Punch*, has written his reminiscences. And yet after reading them I feel I know as little about the real "T" as I did at the beginning. The one sure fact that emerges from *Friends and Adventures* (Cape. 10s. 6d.) is that he is one of those exceptionally fortunate fellows whom everybody likes to help. He is apt to complain that life is hard and insecure, but I find, in the course of his lively, pleasant story that he has contrived to live in a house so beautiful that it is rightly named Decoy, that he has changed horses in all senses of the phrase to find a better mount each time and that, failing to qualify as a Jesuit, he found dozens of fairy godmothers in Fleet Street. A founder of presses and clubs, a master-printer and beggar, all these accomplishments pale beside his genius for collecting friends. The tremendous list that fills his index is, I am sure, not due to the advice that Bernard Shaw gave me when he learned I was writing an autobiography. "Put as many names as you can in it, let them know, and they'll all buy copies!"

After early days at Stonyhurst "where the nude gods, heroes, heroines, and goddesses in the Lemprière had all the more regrettable parts of their bodies covered with neat bathing drawers," he became a Jesuit scholastic with all the rigours that entailed, "you flogged yourself at prescribed intervals . . . you waxed the knots if you were particularly zealous." There was also a chain with a neat contraption of wire and horse-shoe links with points turning inwards, which you strapped round your thigh next to your skin. But he was not destined for the priesthood. Cardinal Vaughan, who had called him to a teaching vacancy in the choir school at Westminster, died, and his successor, Cardinal Bourne, told "T" he had no vocation. Then followed adventures as commercial traveller, typographer, advertising consultant, journalist, founder of the Willett Club, and finally (can it be finally?) dramatic critic to *Punch*. This is a baffling narrative because "T" avoids dates and facts. His finances are always mysterious. He would suggest that he was often on the verge of bankruptcy, but friends who have become peers of the realm, baronets, and knights seem to have the delightful habit of writing him cheques or buying him houses. He knows everybody, and obviously possesses a personality that draws and holds friends, with a dash of conceit in himself and a touch of endearing indiscretion. Will Lord Knutsford, prince of beggars, forgive him for revealing the secret of his success? "Well, suppose the Duchess of Bayswater gives me 5 guineas. I send her a letter, 'My dear Duchess, your generosity has so touched me that I feel I must reply in my own hand.' It isn't my own hand. I have four unfrocked clergymen whom, having locked up the cheque books, I shut into a room. They can write letters and sign my name so that I can't tell it from my own hand." How could one head contain so much is the question that arises as one advances through these pages. And "T" leaves us with one fear. There is a horrible suggestion that he has pulled up his roots and migrated to a modern garden-city, and left Decoy, the entrancing cottage in West Sussex. But perhaps I have misread him. He appears to be chained down to his lovely retreat. "Shameful acquaintances of ours from town, business-sodden gentlemen, and their ladies stepping delicately from proud motors say to us, 'Perfectly charming! But don't you find it dreadfully dull in winter?' As if anybody ever cared for the country who didn't feel that perhaps it was at its loveliest with its clothes off."

THE AUTHOR OF TWO PRISONERS: M. Lajos Zilahy, whose long novel of Hungarian life is reviewed by Mr. Roberts in the accompanying article

The book of reminiscences by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, *Some and Sundry* (Constable. 9s.), is as conventional as that of "T's" is unconventional — Eton, Oxford, and the inevitable Jowett, amateur theatricals, mountaineering in Switzerland, the Bar, and the closing years in an old house that overlooks Kew Green, where Mr. Coleridge pens these wise, charming, tranquil pages narrating what is certainly a life that has run in pleasant courses. There is nothing startling, nothing set down in malice. Fortunate in birth and education, and more fortunate in a contented disposition, here is the life of an English gentleman across a stretch of years whose tranquillity the present generation is not likely to know. And his final truth is borrowed from Lecky "that happiness is a condition of mind and not disposition of circumstances." Here is the story of a life fortunate in both these aspects.

Mr. David Garnett's rather precious art is exercised this time with the romance of flying. In *The Grasshoppers Come* (Chatto and Windus. 5s.), we have the story of two men and a woman on a record-breaking air trip. There is a crash, and the pilot is saved from starvation by a swarm of locusts. It is very thin matter but treated with a microscopic detail of which Mr. Garnett has shown himself to be a master. The sensation of flying, the discovery of personality in the machine, the new world of the air, the extension of man's perceptions with the development of his flying sense, these things are analysed, and provide the real basis of the story. Thirty years ago scarcely a page of this book would have been intelligible. To-day every schoolboy will follow Mr. Garnett into the air with complete comprehension.

Recommended List:

The Other Chateau Country, *by Katherine Woods* **(Bodley Head. 18s. net).**—A practical travel book of the Dordogne—the land of Perigord, Perigueux, Bergerac, and the glamour of the Middle Ages. Well illustrated and informative.

Finland, *by T. W. Atchley* **(Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net).**—A study of one of the young countries whose sturdy independence in such close proximity to Russia gives it exceptional interest. Mr. Atchley was a lecturer at Helsingfors and is an ideal interpreter.

The Crusades, *by Harold Lamb* **(Thornton Butterworth. 16s. net.)**—The second volume of a reconstruction of the Crusades. Here are Richard Cœur de Lion and his foil Saladin. Potted history, with excellent savouring, and a vivid pageant.

Ships of Youth, *by Maud Diver* **(Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net)**—The author in India again, with marriage and work against a background of the North-West Border. Miss Diver has presented a study of marriage in Indian conditions with her customary fidelity to the country.

By the Way, *by Beachcomber* **(Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d. net).**—J. B. Morton's daily comment on life, copiously illustrated. Well calculated to reduce the vanity of human beings by a process of incessant laughter.

ART *of the* SEASON

"Sun Flowers," by Wendela Boreel: Miss Boreel (Mrs. Wylde) has a studio on Monkey Island, near Bray. She is an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, and executed the etching of the Royal Coach for the famous Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley, 1924

"Poinsettias," by Marjorie Lilly: There are two "one-woman" shows being held at the Phillips Galleries, Duke Street, St. James's, at the moment — one by Miss Marjorie Lilly, the other by Miss Wendela Boreel, an example of whose work is seen on left. The examples selected show the vividness and strength these two women artists infuse even into their floral compositions

"Les Promeneurs," by Claude Monet: This is one of the unknown masterpieces shown for the first time to the public at the retrospective exhibition of the artist's work, held at the Musée de l'Orangerie des Tuilleries, Paris. The canvas is a portrait of the painter Bazille, and dates back to 1866. It is from the collection of the artist's son, Michel Monet

"John Everitt, Esq.," by Sir William Orpen, R.A.: This exquisite canvas, in the mood of the finest work of Whistler, was painted in 1902, and was exhibited for the first time at the Leicester Galleries this Spring

From a drawing in colour by Sovonov

M. M. GITOVSKY IN PRINCE IGOR: One of the great figures of the Russian Season at the Lyceum. An amateur before the war, he took up singing seriously when a prisoner in Austria. After Italian study and German experience, he joined the Russian Opera of Kousnelzova in Paris and toured South America. He is now the great bass in the present company

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

The Curse of "Naturalness."

We have just been hearing much of Mrs. Siddons, and the centenary of the death of this noble woman has been rightly and duly celebrated with speech-making and wreath-laying. Nobody knows whether Mrs. Siddons was what we should call a great actress, and it is useless to pursue any discussion on that point, beyond presuming that Hazlitt was not a half-wit and being certain that for an actress to have attained fame and a statue must have been a more difficult job in the days when the world was not told what tooth-paste she used or how she felt about an impending divorce. But there is one thing about Mrs. Siddons that is incontestable—her audiences must have heard what she said. She appeared in huge and dimly-lighted theatres. She belonged to an age when elocution meant something and when players as well as the public liked dramatists to provide lines, which as old Telfer said: "You can get your teeth into."

Old Players Were Audible.

It has been the fashion for some time to put this down as rhodomontade and barn-storming, and to sneer at it accordingly. No doubt some of it was a little trying. I have long been convinced (on no tangible grounds whatever) that John Philip Kemble was a thoroughly bad actor with the same sureness that I am convinced that David Garrick was a good one. But, good or bad, these old players were *audible*. Had they not been, they would not have stood an earthly chance. We are so accustomed to-day to stages with rows of battens pouring out light *ad libitum*, to brilliant footlights, and to limelight from the wings, from the dress-circle, and from the back of the gallery, that we are apt to forget that Garrick and Siddons, illuminated by feeble candles, were barely visible. So they had to rely on sound to a large extent. And not only vocal sound. The old-time tragedian stamped on the stage not to express any particular emotion but simply to let the audience know he was there. The habit was a long time dying. Irving stamped. One of our most polished actors of to-day occasionally gives a stamp to mark an exit or an entrance—a curious survival of the eighteenth century, as interesting and as useless as the elementary tail which even humans are said to possess.

Actors Must Act.

For some modern actors and actresses things have been made too easy. Many of them are only semi-audible partly through slovenliness and partly through the curse of being told that the most important thing on the stage is to be "natural." It is not. The most important thing for an actor to do is to act. The really accomplished actor acts in such a way that he appears to be natural — which is very different from *being* natural. The bad actor (or actress) either over-acts or under-acts, and the result in either case is something a long way from nature. And 'pon my soul, after much acquaintance with young men on the stage who only take their hands out of their pockets to fumble with a cigarette case and with young women who use their hands to pat at their hair because they do not know what else to do with them, I prefer the over-acting. Mr. St. John Ervine recently inveighed against the "refayned" voice, and I agree with everything he said. But I would sooner hear a stage conversation conducted with tones of terrifying "refaynment" than not be able to hear it at all.

The theatre has to fight the "talkies," whatever those optimists who talk of the latter "extending the general sphere of entertainment" may say. The battle will continue to be a losing one so long as we have in London mild little comedies which start at 8.45 (billed to start at 8.30), have inordinately long intervals, and are played by semi-audible people who think that to show any sign of acting is not only quite unnecessary, but, on the whole, rather bad form.

At Covent Garden.

I am optimistic enough to think that one day Covent Garden (where, fortunately, inaudibility is not the fashion) will be rewarded for its faith in *Falstaff*. This superb opera by Verdi—incomparably the best thing he ever wrote—has been drawing rather thin audiences, the only hopeful feature being that they have increased in size with every performance. But there are artistic as well as commercial ideals, and I am glad to see that Covent Garden does not neglect them. Besides, the season is doing so well that a little flutter, purely for art's sake, is permissible.

I have heard two performances, both of them very good. Signor Serafin conducted the light, bustling music with just the right combination of firmness and delicacy, and although Signor Stabile is a long way from being Shakespeare's Falstaff, he is magnificent as Verdi's Falstaff, and in this case that is the main thing.

Madame Rosa Ponselle, as Violetta in *La Traviata*, shows us an operatic Lady of the Camellias who is dramatically credible as well as a fine singer. This has not happened for many years, and the change gives the old work an interest apart from its well-shaped tunes. Madame Ponselle can lend sincerity to an utterly insincere melody; and Signor Dino Borgioli proved himself, as Alfredo, a worthy partner. Mr. Dennis Noble, in an admirable impersonation of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, invested old Germont with plenty of resonance, and deserved the ovation he received as a British singer emerging successfully from a severe test.

British, too, is Miss Odette de Foras (she is a Canadian), the new Princess Turandot in *Turandot*. Her rather hard tone suits the relentless cruelty of the part; it is immensely powerful and it is dead true. *Turandot* wears well, and is an effective opera in a flashy sort of way. Musically, the scene with Ping, Pong, and Pang (with Signor Aristide Baracchi, who has a most dominating personality, as the best of the trio) is worth all the rest of the opera put together.

"Sadko."

Meanwhile, the Lyceum have shown us a novelty and an interesting one in *Sadko*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's fairy opera about a minstrel who was "vamped" by a sea-king's daughter. Mr. Eugene Goossens, triumphantly expounding a difficult score, secured a good performance, but the Russian basses are very much better than the Russian tenors and sopranos. The scenery is new, highly imaginative, and pleasantly bizarre.

When, by the way, I alluded the other day to the ballet *Chout* as a Bolshevist affair, I was fully aware that the company which danced it—in fact the whole of the Lyceum company—are Tsarist in sympathy and are in fact exiles from Bolshevist Russia. I had in mind the wildness and ultra-modernity of the music of Prokofieff, who, though he does not now live in Russia, has written practically all his music since the upheaval, and may legitimately be considered a post-Revolution Russian composer.

"A Knight Passed By"

In a week decidedly thin in new theatrical productions, *A Knight Passed By* stood out by reason of its loneliness. But this adaptation by Mr. W. A. Darlington from the Dutch of Jean Fabricius has intrinsic merits and afforded me a fairly enjoyable evening at the Ambassadors Theatre. Mr. Darlington has done his job so extremely well that I wish he had had a rather firmer foundation on which to build—and a newer. However, in spite of the fact that M. Fabricius does not seem to have been able to make up his mind whether to write a farce or a comedy, he and Mr. Darlington contrive between them to be entertaining. The scheme is, from the box-office point of view, the rather dangerous one of contriving a play about players. An actor-manager has a pretty wife. They have been to a fancy-dress ball. Is she faithful to him? The husband and the third party, who is labelled "the stranger," discuss it and even bet about it. The stranger attempts to seduce her. Perhaps it is only play-acting, and perhaps it is not. She kisses him with much passion—and returns to her husband.

It is an insincere play and meant to be insincere. To Miss Peggy Ashcroft, whose personality exudes sincerity, great credit is due for her skill in playing an insincere and most irritating little baggage. Mr. David Horne and Mr. Nicholas Hannen are hardly a fantastic couple, but being admirable actors they relieved the little play from boredom.

Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, who in real life is Mrs. Cornelia Otis Skinner Blodgett, is an American—a point not difficult to deduce. Her entertainment as a *diseuse* at the St. James's Theatre having coincided with Miss Ruth Draper's similar efforts at the Vaudeville, comparison is inevitable. Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner is not as good as Miss Ruth Draper. But very often she is nearly as good, and that is high praise indeed, even if it is possibly not the type of praise which Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner prefers. She amusingly reproduces all sorts of people in all sorts of situations.

Why is it that English women do not essay this type of entertainment? If it "comes off" it must obviously be profitable in the extreme.

"I Want."

Take a mixture of Barrie, Gilbert's *Palace of Truth*, and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, shake not very skilfully, and you have *I Want*, the new piece at the Little Grafton Theatre. It is about a Celestial photographer—not a Chinaman, but a visitor in the shape of Mr. George Elton, to a suburban lawn tennis club armed with a camera. When he takes the photographs of the members of the club, he photographs not their real selves but the sort of people they would like to be. They are all revealed as wanting all sorts of nice sentimental things, except one girl in a bad temper, who does not want anything except to shoot herself, and accordingly does so. I like the idea of that ubiquitous and rather badgered person, the press-photographer, being turned into a heavenly hero with a mission. But the character is not worked out satisfactorily, though Mr. George Elton, who seemed dreadfully miserable about something, acted with ability and sincerity. I do not know why he should have found Celestial photography with a supernatural camera such a depressing occupation, unless it was because it is bad for the spirits.

MARIE AT LEISURE! Miss Elvira Henaerson and Mr. Charles Hickman in the latest vehicle for the brilliance of Miss Tempest, Marry at Leisure, by Frank Vosper, at the Haymarket

PLAYS

"The Good Companions" and "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc"

DEFIANCE: A scene from The Good Companions. *Mr. Edward Chapman decides to go "South" to the dismay of his family, including Mr. Clive Morton*

COLLAPSE: "Mrs. Joe gets the bird" and faints—a scene from The Good Companions *at His Majesty's. Above—Mr. Edwin Ellis, Mr. Bernard Dudley, Miss Viola Compton, Mr. Jack Clewes, and Miss Adele Dixon*

Special "Sphere" Picture

SLAVIC PAGEANTRY: A scene from La Fiancée du Tsar, *one of the* bonnes bouches *of the Russian season presented at the Lyceum under the musical direction of Sir Thomas Beecham*

STRUMMING ON THE OLD BANJO: Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb in the role *of Morton Mitcham in Scene 3, Part I, of* The Good Companions, *at His Majesty's.* Centre on extreme right *are Mr. John Gielgud as Inigo Jollifant and Miss Adele Dixon as Susie Dean in the same play*

Pollard Crowther

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC: *A tense moment from Mr. Edward Garnett's play produced at the Arts Theatre Club. This play concentrates on the actual trial and brings out in one supremely telling scene the mental pressure and moral suasion exerted upon the captive Joan (Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson) is seen above visited in her cell by a body of clergy, headed by the Bishop of Beauvais (Mr. Ben Webster), who pray and exhort at her beaside until she faints from exhaustion*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Colour in the Home *by* NAOMI LUDOLF

In these days of super-modern-flats-*de luxe*, with their compact architecture and lovely mural decorations, to the less fortunate majority, possessors of apartments, houses, often so arranged that one can only marvel at the curious brain of the architect, with the judicious, perhaps daring application of colour, the most delightful results may be obtained. Recently, through force of circumstances, I found myself the tenant of an extremely ugly maisonette, the original building being so old and dirty that one could only associate it with dinginess and drabness. The walls of its several and spreading rooms were covered with glaring papers of the most hideous design, giving a sense of acute depression on entering, even affecting the atmosphere.

Obviously something had to be done about it. At small cost painters were called in. Pots and pots of paint to cover up these ghastly floral designs—bad for the liver, bad for the digestion. The ugliest room of all, that had long flaunted its walls of glaring orange, with a floral or rather fruity dado of red cherries and weary green leaves, its iron mantelpiece of rusty black, was rapidly made to assume a more cheerful front. The ceiling was painted a turquoise blue, the walls willingly took on a cream coat over their orange paper. Mantelpiece, doors, woodwork, window frames, boldly became a royal red, and hey presto! Transformation!

The turquoise ceiling had personality—it was there alive, proclaiming its sheer beauty of evenly applied colour.

And then the attic, with its slanting wall and tiny windows thrown back into little cubby holes, perhaps something more daring here. The greater the disadvantage, the braver the spirit—and the poor little attic had never seen the sun, but it had to be made into a sitting-room just the same.

Colour!—A ceiling of daffodil, walls of soft green, and yet not enough. But courage! The dark little cubby holes must be made things of beauty, be thrown up in relief.

THE ART OF M. POGATSCHNIG: A scheme that can be easily carried out by dividing a large room with thin walls

The royal red again!—royal red paintwork, soft lights, chromium-plated fittings . . . curtains over the baby windows of green-and-white check gingham . . . silk cushions on divans. . . . all kinds of checks . . . all shades of colour.

Enchanted atmosphere! Carpet of beige, loose covers of paler hue. . . . Daffodils, red tulips . . . candle lamps with shades of parchment in each little cubby hole. . . . Elysium! The fire throws out its soft glow. . . . Shadows playing on colour. . . .

Who would be mournful now?

And why should bathing be made a penance? Perhaps a little home decoration would be amusing and also an economy. Why not a silver bathroom? Silver walls with unaccountable fish swimming in a wild, silver sea!

Perhaps a stripe of colour here and there to relieve the sheer silver of the walls. . . . Slanting stripes, beginning and ending anywhere. . . . Stripes of red . . . stripes of blue—and multicoloured fish! Fish cunningly outlined with a stencil.

White paintwork, marble linoleum. . . . A spot to linger in—I have no family.

If care is taken that the value of one colour does not exceed the value of another, provided they are to taste, all colours can be blended harmoniously.

Who does not crave beauty, though the craving be but subconscious? . . . And what is beauty but colour?

THE ONLY WOMAN BOOKIE

Should you chance to look over a garden wall at Brighton on a spring morning and see a little lady skipping for dear life, or notice that same trim figure at full gallop along the sands, do not imagine that here is a stray Olympiad in earnest preparation for the Games.

It is nothing of the kind.

It is merely Mrs. Vernet, England's "only woman bookie," in training for the "flat."

Training? Rather! I've spent a day at Hurst Park with our only woman bookie, and I know why she trains—*I know*.

. . . . .

The grinding strain of this bookmaking business began as soon as we reached the gates of the course. For there we joined the Great Procession—the procession of solemn, silent bookmakers, each bookie making his way up the course to his own particular pitch, with his books and his board under his arm, and a destiny-defying look on his face.

Oh, that course! I had not skipped. I had not run. I was not in training at all, and it seemed to me that it had no end. No wonder one has to be "as strong as a horse" to stay that course! But Mrs. Vernet took it in her stride.

She jeered as she passed me in the straight.

"Hurst Park's easy," she said. "It's Ascot where training tells. There, if you want to get back to town at all, you must pick up your things after the last race and run like a hare for the station.

We passed the post. "And long skirts this year!" She groaned.

Tattersalls at last. Mrs. Vernet, slick and fresh and sprightly, I as blown as a Derby winner. Greetings everywhere. "Good afternoon, madam." "Good afternoon." "Ah, Mrs. Vernet, have a good Newmarket? Yes? Splendid!" "'Afternoon, Mrs. Vernet, what's going to win the Cup?" And so on, all the way across the sacred turf of Tattersalls to the particular three feet of rail which is her pitch.

On this spot she parked her coat and umbrella, in token that she was "there." Next, from her smart field glass case she produced—oh no! not glasses—a powder puff! Our "woman bookie" has not time to watch a race, but she daren't have a shiny nose.

Lunch. Ginger beer for me—memories of the walk up that course had sent me speedily into training. Mrs. Vernet orders a whisky and soda. "That will see me through my first losses at any rate." She laughs cheerily.

The hour for the first race draws near. All about one one feels a growing undercurrent of excitement. At the next table Mr. Edgar Wallace, cigarette holder silhouetted like a crane against a background of light paint, rises and follows a massed luncheon party of leading ladies from the room.

Mrs. Vernet rises. "Twenty-past two. No more ginger beer? Come along then, I must go out and see what is happening."

Out through the enclosure to her pitch on the duckboards my hostess canters, serenely conscious of the perfection of her grooming. There's no doubt at all that the feminine touch of that modish blue sailor, just arrived from Paris, gives a moral uplift to the business of laying odds.

Her clerk, a fair-haired, friendly sort of lad, is at his post. Steamship sailings were once his speciality. Now it's stables.

Already there is a fast-growing volume of noise—raucous voices are shouting the odds with impassioned vigour. On Mrs. Vernet's right a lean, cadaverous fellow, with deep-set piercing eyes, is muttering hoarsely to a near-by client. On her left, a cheery, rubicund gentleman is letting forth occasional jubilant yells.

The numbers for the first race are up.

Dazed with the din, I wander off to find refuge and comparative peace in the paddock, and there watch for a time the slow procession round the parade ring.

The figures on the Members' Tote flicker and wink and flash. The noise from the course penetrates even this haven. Suddenly, a slight, slouching green-capped figure, collar up and hands in pockets, enters the ring. Steve Donoghue. Things are going to happen. I must get back to Mrs. Vernet.

At first she is not to be found. Down the whole length of the rails there is no trace of her modish blue sailor. But there's a crowd at one particular spot—a moving, muttering crowd. That is Mrs. Vernet's pitch. But where is Mrs. Vernet?

A quick movement—a man shoulders his way out of the group, and I catch a glimpse of a slight trim figure—England's "only woman bookie" the "woman bookie for women backers," as she started out to be—surrounded by a crowd of men!

"*Seven-to-one-bar-one! Seven-to-one-bar-one! Seven-to-one-bar-one!*

The yells grow more and more insistent—and then a sudden hush. "*They're off!*"

Dorothy Wilding

THE ONLY WOMAN BOOKMAKER: A camera portrait of Mrs. Vernet

How did she come to take up this curious job? Well, fifteen years ago it occurred to Helen Vernet that many of the women who attended race meetings longed for a chance to put on their half-crown, but were too nervous—these were old-fashioned days—to approach the ordinary bookmakers. An introduction to one of the directors of Ladbrokes gave her the chance she needed.

She started in the enclosure itself. Then a complaint by male rivals to the Jockey Club brought her face to face with the alternative of abandoning her enterprise or taking her place on the rails.

They did not think she would stand that. But she did. The rails it was, and now she has an assured position—on some courses quite near the bottom with the newcomers; on others, right under the shade of the grand stand with the old stagers. She has, too, roughly a thousand clients.

. . . . .

"*Three-to-one-the-field! Three-to-one-the-field!*"

The first race is over and the crowd is surging up again to the rails—especially to that section of the rails where Mrs. Vernet and her youthful clerk with bent heads are marking up the book.

She takes no ready money on the course. Settlement on Fridays. But she is open to small bets—half-a-crown if you like so long as you mark the sum on one of the firm's slips and hand it in. There is no time to listen to the bleat of the "half-dollars" while others are baying in hundreds.

All the cards, however, must be entered up in her books. And that's work, that is. That's why she never so much as raises her eyes to the course, save for one fleeting glance at the end of each race when the numbers of the winners go up.

Her business is with the betting, not with the racing. And the betting is heavy this afternoon.

"What price Mulberry, Mrs. Vernet?"

"Twelve to one, sir—you'll take it at that?"

"Yes."

"Mulberry—twelve to one—Mr. Morris," she snaps to her clerk, without even a glance at her client. Voices are as well known as faces in this business.

"Knight Error—five to one—Major Reilly.

(*Continued on p.* 558)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—(cont.)

Give a Present to Your Home

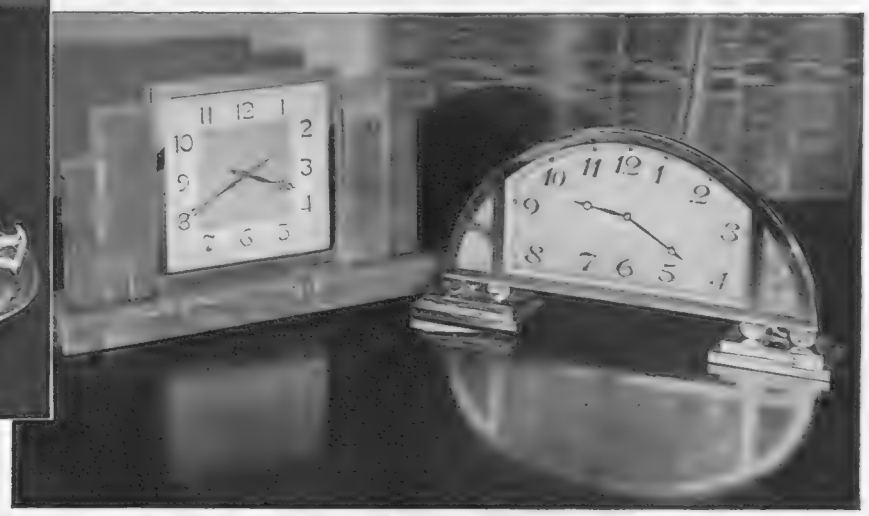
Reviving a vogue of some twenty years ago the Kaestner ware has again become the mode of the moment. The lamp complete with shade costs £4 17s. 6d., the vase on the right 37s. 6d., the one on the left 25s. The fish and the bird may be obtained for 1s. 9d. From Liberty

A brass bound polished mahogany cabinet fitted with a complete service of sterling silver, spoons, forks, and stainless steel cutlery for twelve persons. The cost is £35 complete. If fitted for six persons the price is £18 15s. From Mappin and Webb

On left

This lamp with its mahogany table would prove a decorative solution to the difficult corner. The lamp-shade is decorated to give the effect of cross-stitch, and the bowl is black. the former costs 29s. 6d. and the latter 32s. 6d. From Debenham and Freebody

For breakfast in bed this set is admirably suited. It includes a hot-plate and tea-pot with a non-drip spout. The coloured tray is heat-resisting and the price of the whole service is 39s. 6d. From Debenham and Freebody



These two attractive clocks are carried out in real Brazilian onyx and chromium plate, with gilt figures and hands. From Mappin and Webb

On this page is shown a selection of practical and decorative articles for the home.

The group of Kaestner ware shown in one of the illustrations is a revival of pottery in vogue some twenty years ago, and the soft pastel shades give a pleasing colour effect. The lamp shade is hand-painted and picks up the cyclamen design in the stand.

The luncheon and dinner sets also illustrated make an inexpensive purchase.

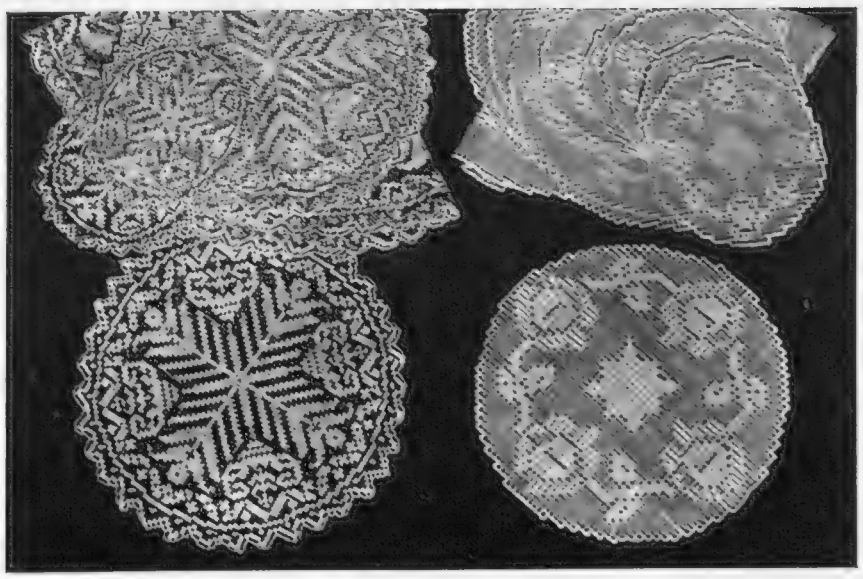
The dinner set is composed of beige filet net, whilst the luncheon mats are beige also and the darning is done by hand.

A heat resisting tray holding a complete service for breakfast for one person is a useful acquisition. It costs only 37s. 6d., and includes a tea- or coffee-pot, with a non-drip spout, a hot-plate and a divided dish for butter and marmalade.

If you want to purchase silverware, now is the time to do it, for the price of silver has fallen enormously during the last months. The canteen shown on this page is of solid silver and comprises spoons, forks, and stainless steel cutlery for twelve persons.

A similar canteen for six persons, fitted in a brass-bound mahogany cabinet may be bought for £18 15s.

M. D.



The dinner set on the right of the picture consisting of thirteen pieces is composed of beige filet net. It costs 37s. 6d. The luncheon set, also of thirteen pieces, in De-ruta work, is hand-made, and costs 14s. 9d. From Robinson and Cleaver

CARL BRISSON, the famous actor, singer, dancer, and athlete, who writes below on the beauty of his native Denmark

Carl Brisson writes on MY COUNTRY

The Sphere of Travel

The Charms of Travel in Denmark

The Spring sun shines, and the wanderlust comes to us all. We look longingly at glorious posters of foreign lands and plan travels, even though we may actually get no farther than Kew Gardens. When people tell me of the plans they are making for their holidays I always want to ask them if they have considered Denmark. But I usually resist the temptation for fear that it might be thought that the native's natural love of his country accounted for my enthusiasm. Certainly sentiment plays a part in my love for the land where I was born, and I would not exchange Copenhagen with its waterways and canals, its smell of the sea and its laughter, for the richest city in the world. I played in its docks as a boy, and longingly watched the great ships sail away to all parts of the earth. I have roamed its beautiful parks and sat at the little tables under the light of the lanterns and the stars, the crisp night air enchanted with the scent of lilacs. But influenced as I may be by memories I have travelled enough to realize that Denmark has an indescribable charm of its own which the most weary traveller could not fail to find. There is a peace and irresponsible gaiety throughout the land which are unique. The true Dane has an enthusiastic love of life and all the good things in it. And let me here say a word about Danish food, for a holiday with indifferent food is a wretched experience. Every country has its individual dishes, but I will challenge them all to surpass those prepared by a good Danish housewife or the Danish *chef* of a good hotel.

THE WATERFRONT OF COPENHAGEN: A scene along the Kraesthusgade

The journey from England to Denmark takes twenty-four hours and if you wish for a resting-place near Esjberg, where you will land, I can wish you no better fate than a visit to the island of Fanö. Here, believe it or not, you can stay in a hotel unrivalled anywhere for eight shillings a day. Or, if you prefer a simple life, you can make your home in one of the picturesque cottages where you will be well cared for by the natives, who still wear the national costume, for a sum of money so small that it would satisfy the heart of the most thrifty. Fanö has golden sands stretching at low tide to a sea in which bathing is a delight. These sands are also famous for motor trials.

Denmark has many islands and is, roughly speaking, divided into three sections. To reach Copenhagen you must cross two narrow strips of sea, for it is on the coast of the third section called Sjaelland. The city is surrounded by translucent green beech woods and fertile fields, with a lovely view across the Sound on which in summer the white sails of yachts are to be seen. Copenhagen has many streets still reminiscent of the old style of architecture, and some lovely buildings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, one of the best of these being Rosenborg Castle which was the beautiful residence of Christian IV. Copenhagen has been called the "City of Beautiful Towers," and this name well describes it. But there are people more learned than I am who could tell you of its rich history, its legends, museums, historical buildings, and its palaces. I should be a better guide to the beautiful places on the coast of the Sound within easy reach of the city, or to the theatres, the restaurants which combine qualities of the Parisian and German, and the many lovely gardens, including the Tivoli which is a pleasure-garden unequalled anywhere in the world. The theatres will provide you with a good choice of revues, and among them you will find at least one big English or American success. At the Apollo, which is reminiscent of a French boulevard theatre, witty and cynically modern intimate revues are staged.

One of the finest trips from Copenhagen is to Helsingor (Elsinore), indeed it is one of the most beautiful I have ever made anywhere. Helsingor is situated on the narrowest part of the Sound with a magnificent view of the Swedish coast. It is a picturesque old town, and the Carmelite Monastery is one of the best preserved medieval monasteries in Scandinavia. It was at Kronborg Castle that Shakespeare laid the action of *Hamlet*, but if you expect to find a grim, medieval castle you will be disappointed, for the building is a very fine example of Renaissance architecture and more of a château than a castle. Hamlet's grave is pointed out nearby, but little is known about the real "Amleth," and his grave is also claimed by another part of Denmark. It is said that Shakespeare did actually visit Helsingor before he wrote the play.

At Roskilde, a short journey through lilac woods from Copenhagen, is a beautiful old church which has been intimately connected with the royal history of Denmark for many centuries. In this church any antiquarian should be content, for most of the Danish Kings and Queens have been buried here, and I have never seen so many historical monuments under one roof. There is a pillar in the church where traditional custom demands that the Kings of Denmark should record their height. On the church tower a spear is fastened, a relic of an ancient custom. In days of old, if the Queen gave birth to a son, one spear was fixed to the tower, if it was a daughter there were two spears. Many a King returning from a hunt or war has received the first news of his child from this old tower.

Between Sjaelland and Jylland (Jutland) lies the island of Fyn, and it was on this island at Odense that Hans Andersen was born, in a single-storeyed cottage in the back streets of the town. His father was a shoemaker, and in this cottage where he worked are collected the furniture, clothes, letters, and manuscripts of the humbly-born boy who gave the most wonderful dream stories to a world which will always treasure them despite any modern wave of feeling.

In the Cathedral of Odense King Knud, a descendant of the King Canute (Knud), who conquered England, was murdered by rebellious peasants in 1086. A few years later he was made a saint. His body was embalmed and placed in a glass case, and for hundreds of years pilgrims visited his shrine, which had the reputation of working miraculous cures. St. Knud's Cathedral, which was built in the fourteenth century on the sight of the old church which was burnt, is almost pure Gothic throughout.

Aarhus, the old cathedral town of Jutland, is a charming place for a holiday, and a short sea voyage brings one to heather-covered hills on the summits of which are relics of the Vikings of old. Jutland possesses some of the finest scenery in Denmark, and the woods and lakes of Silkeborg are the Danish equivalent of the Trossachs.

In Denmark there is plenty to see and plenty to do, with a variety which will suit all tastes and desires. So, although I am a Dane and therefore prejudiced, I say, "Let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark when considering holidays, and I do not fear the result."

THE RESTING PLACE OF DANISH ROYALTY: The Cathedral of Roskilae, an exquisite structure some twenty miles from Copenhagen. Members of the royal house of Holstein are buried in its precincts

ROTHENBURG

And Its Ancient Bridges

To approach Rothenburg where, many towered, it commands from its hill-top the valley of the Tauber, is to enter the atmosphere of half-medieval, half fairy-tale of beleagured castles, gallant burgomasters and heaped-up treasure rooms.

The history of Rothenburg begins with its castle, the stronghold of a long line of Counts and Burgraves who expressed their fierce, ruthless minds in forbidding ramparts and grim, grey watch-towers. The castle no longer exists: the ancient walls now enclose a pleasant garden with flower-beds, shrubberies, and fountains, much frequented by the townspeople and their children. Visitors to this Burg garden will get an enchanting view of the old walls and turrets of the medieval city and also of the surrounding country as the hill drops steeply down from the castle walls to the deep valley below, through which runs the clear stream of the little river Tauber. From the Burg gates, past the little Koboldzeller church, a road leads down to the Doppelbrücke, which spans the river on its double set of arches and, following the course of the river, leads to the village of Dettwang, which is well worth a visit, the church containing three ancient-carved altar-pieces of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The latter altar-piece is carved by Riemenschneider and is of unusual beauty. Dettwang is only three miles from Rothenburg by a road by the side of the winding river, and no visitor should miss this charming excursion—the homeward way can be taken up another steep road into the town, entering by the picturesque Spital-Thor. A visit to the Doppelbrücke by moonlight is a romantic experience not to be forgotten—the dark river, the ancient bridge white in the moonlight, and the little town crowning its hill-top, silhouetted against the night sky, with its many points of light from rampart, gateway, and turret.

THE WEHRGANG: The picturesque Covered Wall at Rothenburg

Rothenburg is the most perfect specimen of a medieval city. It is encircled by a covered wall, which is pierced by a number of gateways, each surmounted by towers; within this outer circle is yet another circle of gateways and towers, and there is no building newer than the seventeenth century within the walls, and, except on the side of the station, where the slope is more gradual, the hill is too precipitous for any building to be erected outside the walls. So Rothenburg stands to-day practically unchanged after three hundred years.

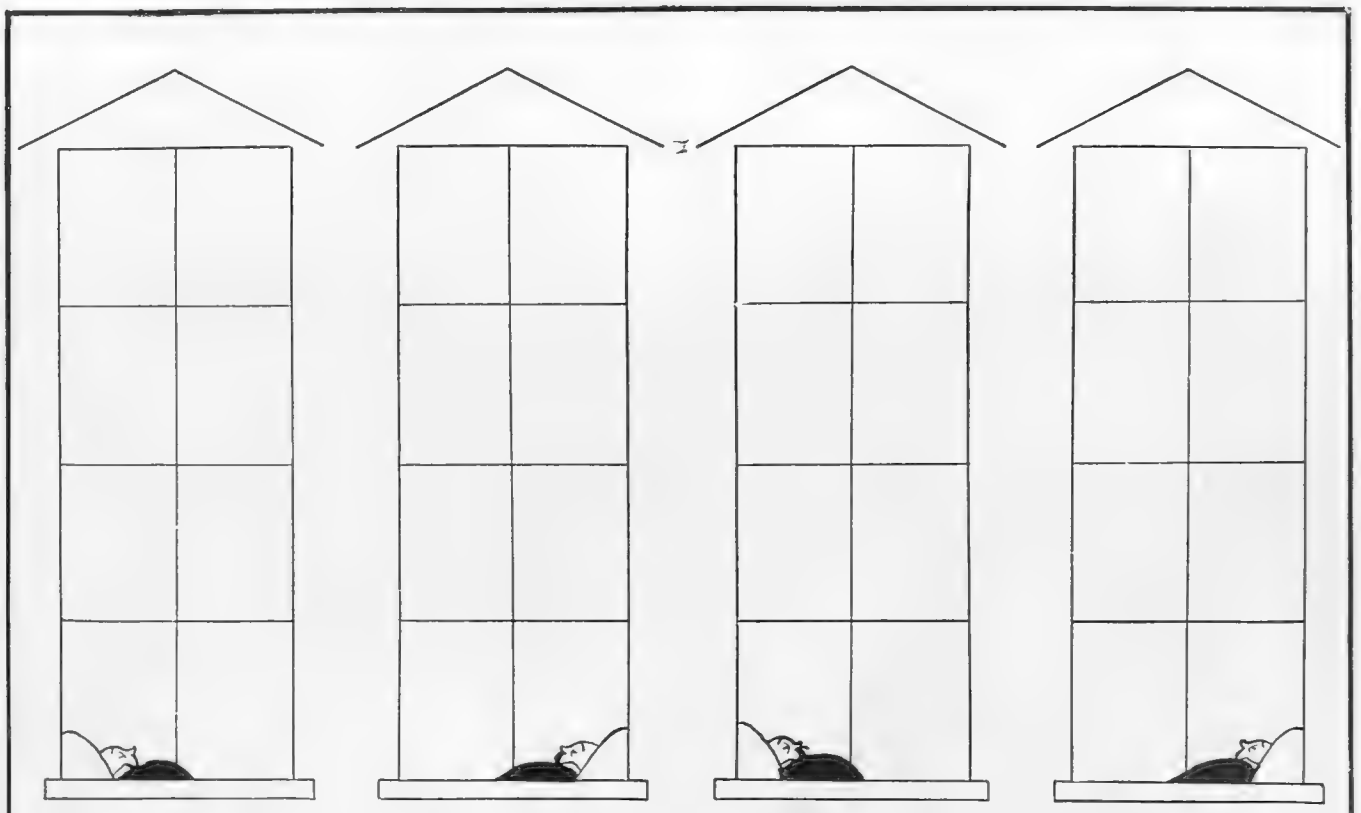
Every gateway frames a picture; here, indeed, is a paradise for artists, the only difficulty being to choose among its many "sketchable bits." History is in every corner as the traveller wanders round the old walls and towers, lightened in summer with flowering chestnuts and lime, or threads his way through the narrow streets overlooked by red-tiled gables and steeple-shaped towers. Round corners giving ever-changing vistas, he comes upon the towering Rathaus, of mingled Gothic and Renaissance architecture—a storehouse of antiquities. Here, on the walls, are the coats of arms of the long line of burgomasters and consuls from the thirteenth century—here the flags of the old town—while beneath are the dungeons with their torture chambers and instruments. It is here that the annual Whitsun festival is held. Among the narrow streets of the town the memory of the crafts-guilds still lingers in the names.

C. Wallace

THE DOPPELBRÜCKE: A feature of Rothenburg is this double-bridge over the Tauber

Let The Sphere Travel Bureau help you—See announcement on a following page

LONDON
WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

CLUBLAND

London's Clubland, haunt of brave women and fair men, behind whose closely-guarded portals lies a fairyland of the imagination; where, as dusk falls, the men repair to men's clubs, the women to women's clubs, and the mixed (I suppose) to mixed clubs—

This is indeed a hallowed area. From the very windows shown above did Johnson, Sterne, Thackeray, Gainsborough, Palmerston and John Stuart Mill—or other gentlemen of the same name—look out upon London . . . though from an unwritten law of clubland, never from the same window at the same time. Here, in the Members' Smoking Room, Milton (or someone very like him) wrote "Paradise Lost," and, upstairs in the Silence Room, "Paradise Regained"; while "O, for the wings of a dove" was originally dedicated to the Club Steward, and first saw light of day in the Complaints Book.

And that is Clubland—the merry clatter of the black balls in the box, and the tinkle of ice in the tumbler (in those few clubs where ice has been brought to the notice of the Committee).

There's no doubt whatever that Clubland, and what it stands for, plays a great part in the home-life of this city—this great city of London, where, as no doubt you know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

HOLIDAY CRUISES—by Sea, Ocean, and River

With the unsettled weather conditions at present prevailing in England and the uncertainty in one's mind as to a good weather forecast for the coming months, a cruise abroad is becoming still more popular amongst holiday-makers and others seeking sunny climes, and with this end in view the leading steamship companies are giving every attention to this form of holiday and arranging enjoyable cruises to come within the means of those deciding in favour of a holiday abroad.

A sea voyage is, without doubt, a "health giver" in itself, and with the constant nerve strain on one's health to-day it has been found most beneficial.

For the interest of readers, therefore, the writer has collected together some new and interesting information concerning luxury and pleasure trips abroad, which have been arranged by the following steamship companies:

Union Castle Line

Fortnightly cruises, 1st class, have been arranged by this company up to September 26 next, from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and back. A trip to the Continent and back on board an ocean liner at a moderate cost should be a boon to thousands of busy people seeking bracing sea air and fresh scenes. Thirteen or fourteen days can be spent in an ideal way at a moderate cost of £20.

Another ideal summer holiday abroad that has been arranged by the Union Castle Line is the weekly trip to Madeira from Southampton. Special reduced rates have been introduced, namely, £20 1st class, and £15 2nd class.

The Canary Islands can also be visited by intermediate vessels every fortnight at a special return fare of £20 1st class, and £15 2nd class.

For those who are in a position to take a longer sea trip special summer tours have been arranged to South Africa. A voyage to this country in a Union-Castle liner affords an opportunity for an ideal holiday. To the town-dweller there can be nothing more health-giving. The invigorating sea air, the restfulness and comfort of life on board ship, the organized games and deck sports, and the dances and concerts which are arranged all help to ensure a delightful holiday.

South Africa—the fascinating land of travel—becomes more and more popular every year, and the special summer tour by the R.M.S. *Kenilworth Castle*, leaving Southampton on July 24, should prove a great attraction. Passengers taking this tour will have the opportunity of seeing Durban at its best, the season at that popular resort lasting from June to September. Another point of interest is that these are the months in which to see the famous Victoria Falls, as the weather is then cooler and the Falls are less likely to be obscured by mist, as they often are during the hot season.

THE GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST: A vista of Tangier

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH: A general impression of Stockholm

THE VICTORIA FALLS: A remarkable picture showing the train and passengers on the bridge of the newly-made motor-way, recently completed. The bridge had to be widened and raised five feet to enable the footpath and roadway to be added

Orient Line

A very enterprising company is the Orient Line, which has arranged quite a selection of interesting sea cruises to the sunny Mediterranean. The one most worthy of note is the cheap £8 trip to Gibraltar for Spain and Morocco. By taking advantage of the Orient Line third-class summer return tickets, it is possible to enjoy a cruise to the Mediterranean for less than £1 per day. The voyage starts from Tilbury, and within a few hours the ship is in the English Channel, passing close to the cliffs of Dover. After leaving Cape St. Vincent a direct course is made for Gibraltar, which is reached four days from London. There is much to be seen at Gibraltar, and it is a good centre for visits to Tangier and the South of Spain.

Cruises have also been arranged to Toulon for the Riviera at £10 10s.; Naples for Vesuvius, Pompeii, etc., for £13; and Port Said for Cairo and Jerusalem at £20.

A trip to Morocco is another interesting one. Quaint customs, strange sights and new scenes are to be found in this part of the world.

An interesting cruise in the Norwegian fjords—twenty days by the SS. *Orontes*—has also been arranged.

Passengers who go by this line will have visited many interesting foreign places with perfect ease and have been catered for at their hotel, the ship, in a manner which few hotels excel.

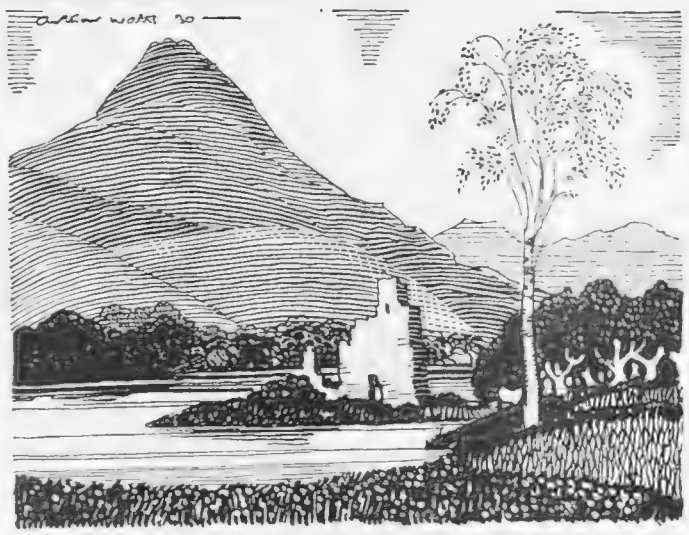
P. & O. Cruises

Here again the 1931 programme of this company is an interesting one. Fortnightly cruises have been arranged to Brittany, South of France, the Balearic Isles, Corsica, Italy, etc., etc., by the SS. *Viceroy of India* and the SS. *Ranchi*.

No region of the earth can surpass the Mediterranean as a pleasure ground. It is of all places the most desirable; above all seas that which has the most enduring appeal. Out of its endless variety it offers something for every taste and mood: amazing beauty, stirring romance, splendid associations. It is all things to all men.

To come out of the North and look on it for the first time, in all its splendour is a revelation. There is a quality in it that grips the beholder each time anew with equal force. Truly, it is a place of magic and enchantment—"a dream of waking men."

(Continued on p. 554)



Take your holiday in IRELAND

When you go to Ireland the magic of the place will fall across you like a spell. It's Europe's magic isle. No wonder Bernard Shaw in his Utopia made it the recreative centre of the world. Go and see it for yourself.

PRINCIPAL RESORTS

Tramore	Kenmare	Kilkee	Galway
Wicklow	Dungarvan	Mallarany	Sligo
Bray	Youghal	Glengariff	Rosslare
Kingstown	Lahinch	Achill	Ballybunion
		Parknasilla	

Inland Resorts include: Killarney, Avoca, Caragh Lake, Lisdoonvarna, Glendalough

★ *Guides and particulars of Tourist, Week-End, and Holiday Return Tickets from Paddington or Euston Stations, or from any G.W. or L.M.S. Station, Office or Agency.* ★

20 Days Pleasure Cruise
visiting the
CAPITALS of the NORTH

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	LENINGRAD
OSLO	REVAL
COPENHAGEN	DANZIG
VISBY	HOLTENAU
STOCKHOLM	BRUNSBUTTEL
HELSINGFORS	HAMBURG
KRONSTADT	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

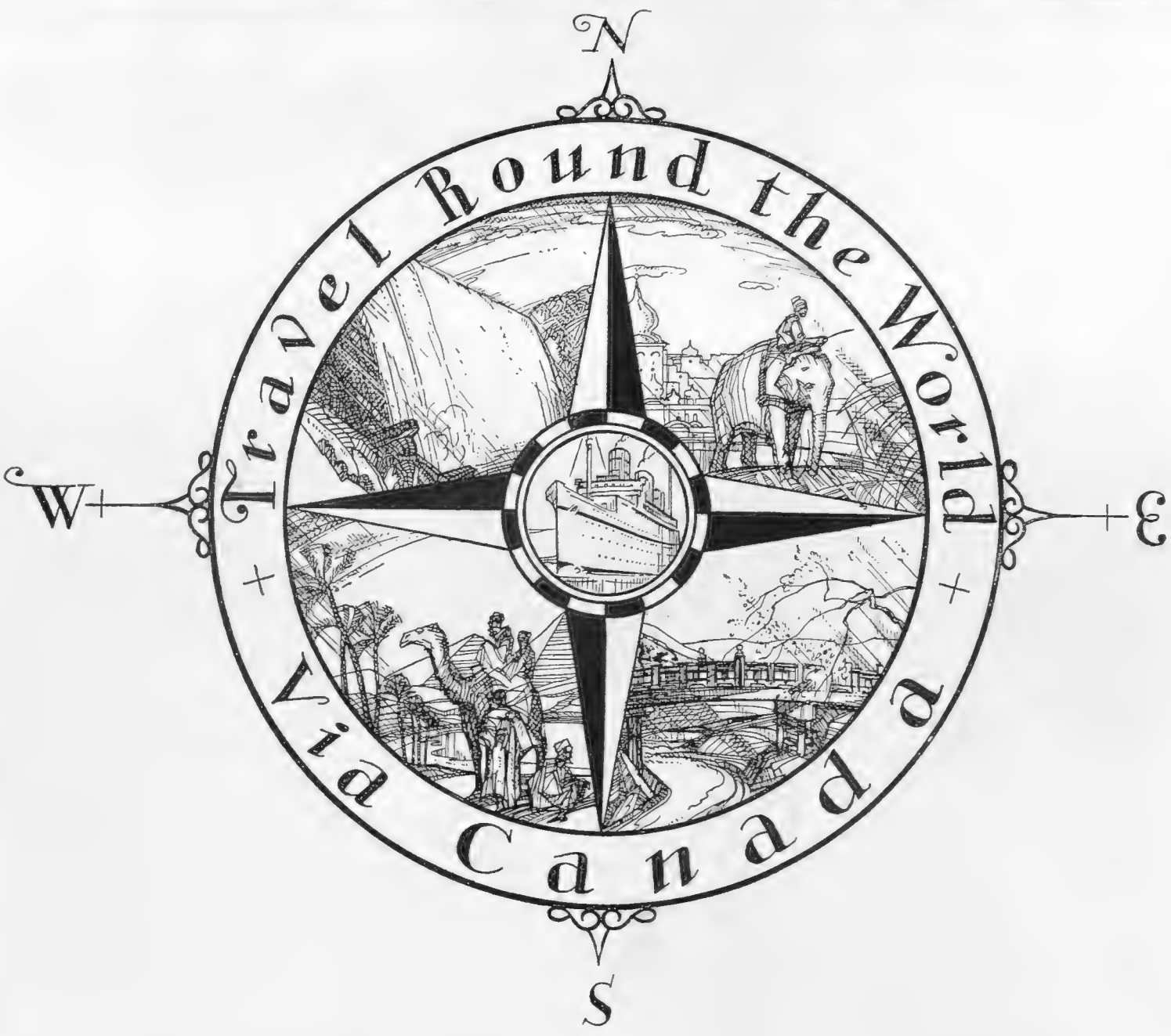
Through the Kiel Canal during daylight.

THE MOTOR CRUISER
"STELLA POLARIS"

is the most modern boat afloat, specially built for pleasure cruising, and is unsurpassed for comfort, courtesy, service and cuisine.

51 single, 74 double rooms; all bedsteads. Hot and cold water. 35 bathrooms.

Illustrated booklet from Passenger Agent, B. & N. Line Royal Mail Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. (Tel. Whitehall 4172) or L. & N. E. Rly., 71 Regent Street, W.1, and leading Tourist Agents.



Why not give yourself that long-promised Round the World trip *this* year? Cross the Atlantic by the Short Sea Route via the St. Lawrence Seaway to Quebec and tour across Canada via Niagara Falls and the wonderful Rocky Mountains. Cross to Honolulu, Japan and China by the great white Empresses, the largest and finest ships on the Pacific! Canadian Pacific offers you a choice of sixty-six routes round the World, any of which can be varied to suit your individual wishes.

Under Canadian Pacific guidance, Independent World Travel is a most delightful and thrilling experience, to be enjoyed at surprisingly low cost, in perfect comfort and with all the assurance and peace of mind of a passenger on a conducted Cruise. The world-wide resources of the Canadian Pacific are at your service. No matter where you travel in Europe, the Orient, Australia, Africa, you will be constantly within reach of Canadian Pacific representatives, anxious to anticipate your wishes.

Write for Trans-Pacific Booklet No. A. 8

62-65 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1., 103 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. Offices and Agencies throughout the World—including 55 in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Always carry Canadian Pacific Travellers' Cheques—safe and convenient.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

HOLIDAY CRUISES — by Sea, Ocean, and River

(Continued from page 552)

This company have also arranged cruises north to the Shetland Islands, Iceland, Norwegian Fjords, Sweden, Denmark and Baltic ports, and Holland.

These northern cruises of the *Viceroy of India* take in three great capitals: Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen.

White Star Line

To-day luxury in travel is taken for granted; the passenger aboard ship expects comfort no less than he is used to ashore. Yet even the most seasoned traveller is aware of something exceptional — a *de luxe* standard—on a White Star liner, which is a climax in his experience of travel. It has been always the habit of this line to set before themselves a progressive ideal; ever since the first *Oceanic* was laid down in the yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast in 1870, they have made it a rule that the well-being and comfort of passengers should be their first duty.

Apart from this company's regular weekly sailings to the United States, pleasure cruises have been arranged to the Norwegian Fjords and the Northern capitals and Baltic resorts.

On July 11 next the *Calgaric* is making a trip to the Norwegian Fjords for seventeen days at an approximate cost of £23.

On August Bank Holiday the company have arranged a thirteen days' cruise up the Solent on the SS. *Homeric* at a very reasonable figure.

Blue Funnel Line

The Blue Funnel Line (Alfred Holt and Co.) have provided an admirable programme for those who are considering taking a cruise to Marseilles and the Riviera at a cost of £22 return, or with the option of proceeding overland by train, should they so desire, in one direction.

For those who wish to enjoy the enchantment of the Mediterranean a return trip to Egypt is very attractive at £35 return.

Again the Blue Funnel Line have arranged for special reduced winter return fares to Colombo of £95; the Straits, £112 10s.; and South Africa, £90; in any one of which places one may confidently expect sunshine in plenty.

The *Ulysses*, the largest vessel of the Blue Funnel Line, is sailing from Liverpool to the Far East and Japan on September 26 next, the cost of the round cruise being the extremely low figure of £126 for approximately 126 days afloat.

A GLORY OF CEYLON: Kandy Lake with the Queen's Hotel on the far bank

Canadian Pacific Lines

Here is introduced a wonderful world luxury cruise in the magnificent liner, *Empress of Britain*, the new Atlantic giantess. This trip will introduce a new era in world-cruising, offering unparalleled size, speed, and super luxuriousness. According to present scheduled arrangements the vessel will leave Southampton on November 21 next for a period of five months. Fares range from 417 guineas upwards, according to position in the vessel. Passengers may join the vessel at Monaco on December 16—for four months — fares ranging from 376 guineas, according to position in vessel, approximately ten per cent. less than from Southampton.

Nobody on a world cruise need ever get bored on the *Empress*. The vessel is a marvellous ship with a good time built into her specifications from stem to stern. And more tonnage, more space per 1st class passenger than in any other liner.

This company has also arranged luxury cruises to the Norwegian Fjords and North Cape, West Indies, Japan, China, and New Zealand, Canada and America.

WATCHING THE WHIP-PETS: One of the deck games on board a Cunarder

"THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST": The harbour of Funchal

WATERFALL IN SCANDINAVIA: One of the beauties of the North

Cunard Line

An interesting programme of holiday cruises from this country during the present summer has been arranged by the Cunard Company.

On July 11 the *Franconia* will leave Southampton for a sixteen-day trip to the Atlantic Isles. Calls will be made at Vigo, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz, and Madeira.

A little known port of call that is full of interest is the island of Santa Cruz de Palma. The *Franconia* will have the distinction of being the first English cruising liner to call at this picturesque island, the chief feature of which is the largest volcano in the world. The vessel will return to Southampton on July 27. Rates for this cruise are from 28 guineas.

A delightful August holiday is provided in the departure of the *Carinthia* from Southampton on August 7 for a cruise which will include Hamburg, Copenhagen, and the Norwegian Fjords, returning to Liverpool on August 26, by way of the Faröe Islands and Iceland (Reykjavik). Rates for this cruise are from 33 guineas.

LET US HELP YOU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

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that brought in speech at only a whisper. A fearsome affair beside a modern "mains" set receiving all Europe! Similar progress is evident in the "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas of our day. As comfortable and stylish as real silk, yet much less in cost—and far more enduring in wear. Handsome in the colours and designs men require to-day — all reliable and true.

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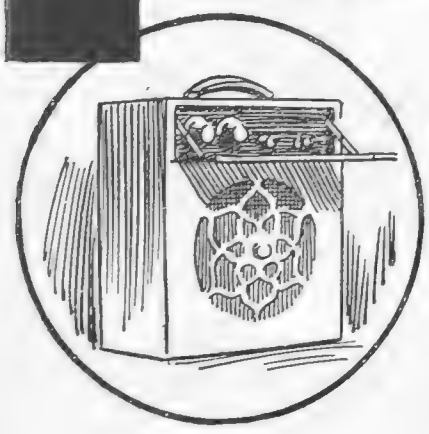

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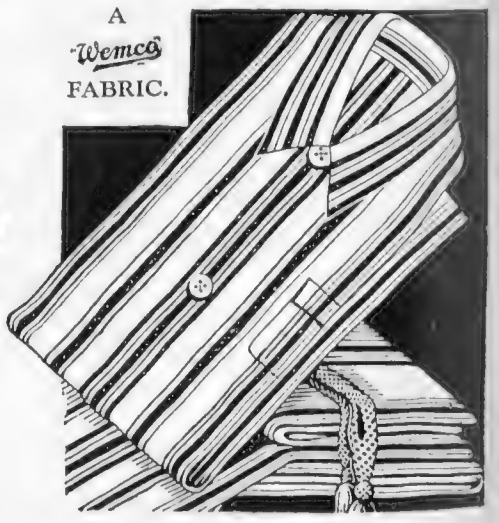

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Visiting Norheimsund, Tysse, Oslo, Copenhagen, Zoppot (for Danzig), Riga, Helsingfors, Tallinn (Reval), Stockholm, Kiel Canal (Holtenau and Brunsbuttel), Hamburg (for Berlin).

All cabins 1st Class

SPECIAL AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY CHANNEL CRUISE DE LUXE, BY R.M.M.V. 'ASTURIAS' (23,000 tons)
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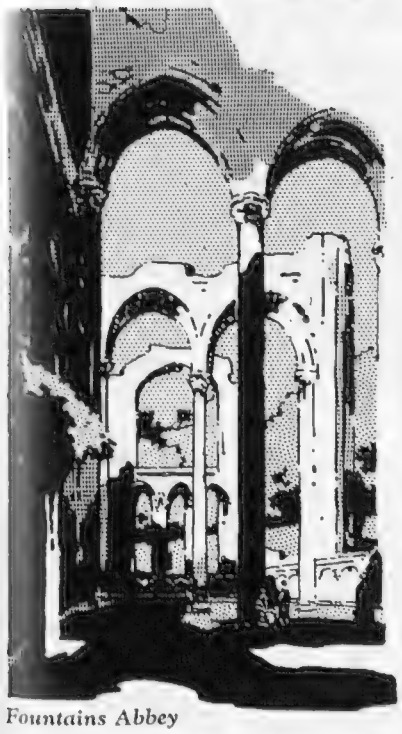
The Yorkshire Dales



Fountains Abbey

HARROGATE
The British Spa

on the edge of the Yorkshire Moors with its eighty-eight springs has been called "the Mecca of the Ailing and the Playground of the Robust." Numerous flower gardens and excellent orchestras. For people who prefer an inland town to the sea for holiday few places are more acceptable to all tastes and inclinations.

RIPON
(Yorkshire)

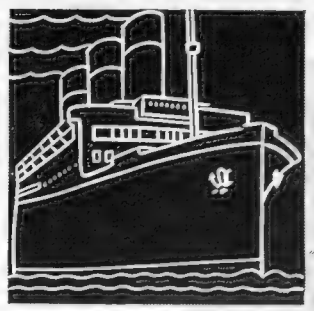
is the second oldest city in England having been incorporated in 886: the Cathedral dates from 657. An excellent centre for exploring Wharfedale, Nidderdale and Wensleydale. Fountains Abbey, nearby, was built in 1135, and is one of the most glorious Cistercian ruins the Empire possesses.

KNARESBOROUGH

an old-world market town near Harrogate. Noted for the beauty of its situation on the River Nidd where boating is a great attraction. The Castle Ruins (built 1330), Mother Shipton's Cave and the Dropping Well are interesting features.

Free book **"NORTH-EAST ENGLAND"** from L N E R Stations, Offices and Agencies or from Passenger Manager, L N E R { Liverpool St. Stn., E.C.2; York, or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh or Traffic Supt., L N E R Aberdeen

TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R



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You drop into your favourite chair in the smoke-room. The steward bustles up: "Glad to see you again, Sir." *Of course* he remembers you—even to your taste in cocktails and your pet brand of cigar. And hullo! There's old So-and-so who crossed with you last time. Funny how one always meets old friends on these boats . . . discerning travellers like yourself, who prefer the comfort of White Star every time.

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S.S. HOMERIC	JULY 15,	AUG. 5

LIVERPOOL—NEW YORK

S.S. ADRIATIC	JUNE 27,	JULY 25
S.S. BALTIC*	JULY 4,	JULY 31
S.S. CEDRIC	JULY 11,	AUG. 8
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WHITE STAR

Service Advertising

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

AN R.A.C. COMMUNICATION.—The Draft Road Vehicles Lighting Regulations recently issued by the Ministry of Transport have been the subject of a communication from the R.A.C. to the Ministry. Throughout these regulations the word "dazzling" keeps occurring, and the R.A.C. suggest that this word should be substituted by the word "blinding." "Dazzling" in the opinion of the club is too indefinite, particularly where offences may be committed by the motoring public. It covers both the inconvenience and the danger caused by head-lamps, whereas the word "blinding" only suggests the effect which is really dangerous and which alone should constitute the offence.

In the regulations it is laid down that the beam from a head-lamp must not be higher than 2 ft. 6 in. from the ground measured 25 ft. away from the car. On the assumption that the average height of a head-lamp is 3 ft. this gives an angle of descent of 1 in 50. The Ministry state that the object of this is to compensate for the movement of the car due to the flexure of the springs. The R.A.C. point out that the average useful range of a modern lamp is about 300 ft., whereas the beam suggested by the Ministry would hit the road just half that distance from the car. In the opinion of the club no driver would fit lamps of this character, which under these regulations would be deprived of half their useful range. Most of us who do a considerable amount of night driving concur in that opinion, and I, for one, would respectfully point out to the Ministry that in endeavouring to overcome one danger they are introducing another which would be far more fruitful in accidents than the former. Again, the intermittent dazzle caused by the bouncing of a car may be inconvenient to other road-users, but it can scarcely be described as dangerous. Up gradients produce the same effect, if not more, than do the movement of the springs, and be it noted that the regulations make no attempt whatever to deal with this latter point.

SIDE-LAMPS.—The R.A.C. very wisely suggest that the beam need not be descending but horizontal, and they advise that the regulations should be so amended as to permit of a beam which does not rise at any point above 3 ft. 6 in. from the ground. By simplifying the regulations in this manner, anti-dazzle lamps developed along optical lines will not be excluded in practical use. Indeed, the amendment if adopted would leave the way open for experiment in a variety of directions.

The R.A.C. tackles the Ministry on a third point, namely, side-lamps. The Ministry in its regulations state that lamps with bulbs of 6 watts or less shall be "fitted with frosted or obscured glass or some other device which will cause the light emitted therefrom to be diffused." The R.A.C. state that it has always been their opinion that lamps taking 6 watts or less have no need of dazzle control at all. The club is still of this opinion, but it considers that if the Ministry of Transport insist that some control is necessary the desired effect would best be obtained by forbidding such lamps to be fitted with polished metal reflectors or with any form of glass capable of concentrating the light. Finally, the club suggests that it should be made an offence for any vehicle when stationary and unattended to use any lamps exceeding 6 watts in power.

MARKING TIME: One of the new Triumph Scorpions beside the village cross at East Hagbourne, which has survived many centuries. The village is considered by many to be the prettiest in Berkshire

MR. E. M. C. INSTONE who has just been elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders

ROAD-LIGHTING CONFUSION.—The R.A.C. deserve the thanks of all motorists for their vigilance and action in this matter, but I suggest that they might go even further and make a serious attempt to have all artificial lighting on roads controlled so that some of the present chaos might be removed. There is far more traffic on land than there is on the sea, yet our own marine authorities, to say nothing of those in every foreign country, have seen fit to lay down very definite laws as to where and when lights should be displayed and the colour which these lights should emit. If that is necessary on the water it is surely doubly so on land. Quite a number of accidents occur every year through the confusion created by road authorities and private individuals putting up lamps of every colour just where they please. The result is not surprising, for a motorist who is unacquainted with the local conditions is obviously puzzled to know what these coloured lights mean. The motorist is quite rightly compelled to carry certain lights in certain positions and of certain colours. Why should the local councils be permitted to scatter on the highways festoons of red lamps which may be pretty but which are quite unintelligible to everyone except the road menders themselves?

The opportunity might also be taken of making one more attempt to make the carrying of real red lamps compulsory on cycles.

"Such fun to drive"

Mr. A. G. Throssell, Motoring Correspondent of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," recently wrote of the "PLUS" RILEY —

"The causes of the Riley Nine's abiding popularity are three — it is an individual car with a strongly marked character of its own — it is extremely good looking — and most potent cause of all it is such fun to drive."

"Such fun to drive" — so easy to control — so tractable — so handsome as constantly to inspire the admiration of other car owners — so economical in upkeep and running costs — so willing to give long service — so speedy — so comfortable and so safe! Now there is only one way definitely to prove its virtues. We ask you to adopt it — a demonstration without the slightest obligation. We will arrange this if you write us.

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NOTES AND NEWS

A RESORT OF FRANCE

Every day Vichy becomes more and more lively. In the Park of the Springs intimate gatherings multiply. Under the pergola or in the grateful shade of the plantain and chestnut trees, people, between two glasses of water, talk, read, or rest. Symphony concerts are given morning and afternoon at the kiosk of the "Hôpital" Spring, and in the evening on the Casino terrace. They attract all music lovers, thanks to the selection of the programmes and the excellence of the orchestra. At the Casino theatre productions follow each other with great success, and only recently the Casino des Fleurs was opened with its programme of three daily performances. In addition to these entertainments organized in Vichy a wide range of excursions in the near neighbourhood are offered to visitors without causing any break in their cure, for just outside Vichy the country is quite delightful. There are good roads running on high plains, from which one sees spread before one a magnificent panorama. They zigzag through narrow gorges, wild and beautiful with the majesty of strangely-shaped rocks, with the green of a tree here and there rising to the sky, and a touch of life and gaiety being given by clear rivulets. There are also large forests, with century-old trees under which that great and solemn calm, precious to dreamers and poets, can be fully enjoyed.

THE SPA OF THE NORTH

Two brochures have recently been published on the benefits and amenities of Harrogate, the famous inland health resort of Yorkshire. The first, *The Harrogate Cure*, stresses the virtues of the waters, famous for three centuries, of which a large variety, suitable to the cure of an even greater variety of diseases, abounds in this fortunate spa. Age and physical condition are taken into consideration by the resident physicians, and every possible advantage of the most up-to-date scientific equipment is available to the prospective patient. A number of improvements have been made of late in the treatments, both external (baths) and internal. Radiology has its place in the Harrogate cures, as has massage. The normal duration of a cure is three weeks, and the cost, far from being the expensive item it is usually supposed to be, is extremely reasonable. The second brochure, *Harrogate*, gives to its readers a justly glowing account of this "Mecca of the Ailing and Playground of the Robust." Racing, an all the year round season, an invigorating air, magnificent surroundings, luxurious shops, theatres, concerts, relics of antiquity, palatial hotels, hunting, tennis, golf, fishing, badminton, boating, cricket, and football all combine to make of Harrogate not only a place of health but also a glorious holiday resort of amusement.

THE SUMMER MEDICINE

With the approach of hot weather, the need for a cooling drink—cooling both to the blood and system and the palate—becomes a matter of moment. Slight yet troublesome disorders make their appearance at such hours of climatic change, and a corrective is essential to efficient physical functioning. Dinneford's Magnesia fulfils these requirements, being mild, pleasant to the taste, and extremely successful in duly toning up the system.

A BIRMINGHAM ARTIST'S SUCCESS

A great success has attended Mrs. Florence Engelbach's picture show at the Beaux Arts Galleries, Bruton Street. More than half the exhibits were sold. The Birmingham Art Gallery has purchased an example and several other public galleries are in treaty for others. Amongst the distinguished visitors who visited the show were the Duke and Duchess of York, who spent a long time there and expressed their appreciation of the work.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At the annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship held at the Queen's Hall on June 11, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria presented the prizes given by H.M. the Queen to the boys and girls in the Society's Homes. Field-Marshal Sir Claud W. Jacob announced the possible removal of the Training Ship *Arethusa* from Greenhithe and the difficulty of the committee in finding an alternative berth. Funds are urgently needed to assist in the carrying on of this great work. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

THE ONLY WOMAN BOOKIE

(*Continued from page* 548)

"Tel-Asur—ten each way—'Willie.'"

"Sol de Terre—two each way—Lady Westover."

She attaches a name to each bet as it is sung out by a client. Clients do not like to be asked for names. They like to be remembered. So she remembers—up to a thousand of them.

. . . .

"*Ten-to-one-bar-two! Ten-to-one-bar-two! Ten-to-one-bar-two!*"

Five minutes to go till the start for the Cup—the race of the day. Pandemonium rages all round the alert, trim little figure on the duck-boards. Clients are shouting their last minute bets. In Tattersalls the "tick-tack" men signal their messages in a final frenzy. The Tote flickers faster and faster. The voices of the ready-money bookies take on a yet more strident tone. The only individual in sight who retains any semblance of calm is the gay little woman in the rakish blue sailor. Her eyes are everywhere, and her ears alert to catch the sound of each familiar voice. A bell. The race for the Cup has started.

"Now, for a few seconds' peace while the race is run," Mrs. Vernet sighs. "Are you ready, my lad? Right—let's get on to those cards."

They've passed the post—the favourite's won. It's a bad day for Mrs. Vernet. But does she worry? No! There she stands, tapping out a few steps on the duck-boards, and humming to herself the words of the latest dance tune.

Then the crowd closes in once more and, besieged by clients, she is at it all over again. And so the day goes on.

The last race.

"Get my coat and stand by," she calls. "As soon as the horses have passed, we're off."

A bell—the dull roar of a thousand voices the thunder of hoofs. They've passed the post. And the favourite's won again!

"Ready? Come on, we'll just make it!" Almost before the crowds have started to move we're half way down the course.

"Well, well—a bad day for me," she murmurs; "still, it comes and it goes. Goo'-night (this to the gate-keeper)—goo'-night."

The station at last. We hurl ourselves into the first-class carriage of the already moving train.

"Woof!"

"You'll forgive me, my dear, if we do a little work? It's Lingfield on Monday, and Chester on Tuesday, and Kempton Park after that, and I want to get home to-night and look at my garden."

She and the fair-haired clerk settle down in a corner. Books are opened, pencils scratch, and there begins a low-toned murmur as bets are called and checked.

And so, but for this almost sacerdotal muttering, the rest is silence all the way to Waterloo.

Enid M. Gill

A UNIQUE TRAVEL OPPORTUNITY

Inspectional Tour of British Columbia, starting Liverpool July 31, under official Government auspices. Many advantages granted that are not available to the ordinary tourist. Ideal for business men and potential settlers. First class travel throughout. Returning Sept. 16th. Inclusive cost £165. Prompt booking essential. Write for details to Dept. S.P., The Agent-General for

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

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Avoid Gout

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Vichy-Célestins may be taken regularly at meals and at any other period of the day.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:

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VICHY ETAT

The Sphere of Travel

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

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"The Sphere's"
Travel Bureau,
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Whatever you desire to complete the happiness of your holiday—beautiful scenery, bracing climate, the best of music and entertainments, lovely lakes and cliff gardens, up-to-date medical baths, open-air bathing pool, fishing, clean safe sands, magnificent surrounding country or any other attraction—these, and more, you will find at Scarborough.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THIS SEASON'S SPECIAL EVENTS :—

June 24th	Battle of Flowers and Coronation of the Queen of Roses
July 20th—25th	Inter-County Tennis Championship Week
August 12th—14th	County Cricket Match—Yorkshire v Glamorgan
13th—22nd	Yorkshire and North of England Tennis Championships
September 2nd—11th	Cricket Festival. M.C.C. v Yorkshire; Gentlemen v Players; New Zealanders v Mr. H. D G. Leveson Gower's XI.
5th—12th	Angling Festival
14th—19th	Golf Week

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HERE HE IS!

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A SPORTING CECIL ALDIN TERRIER

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ONCE SEE WOGGLES AND YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIM!

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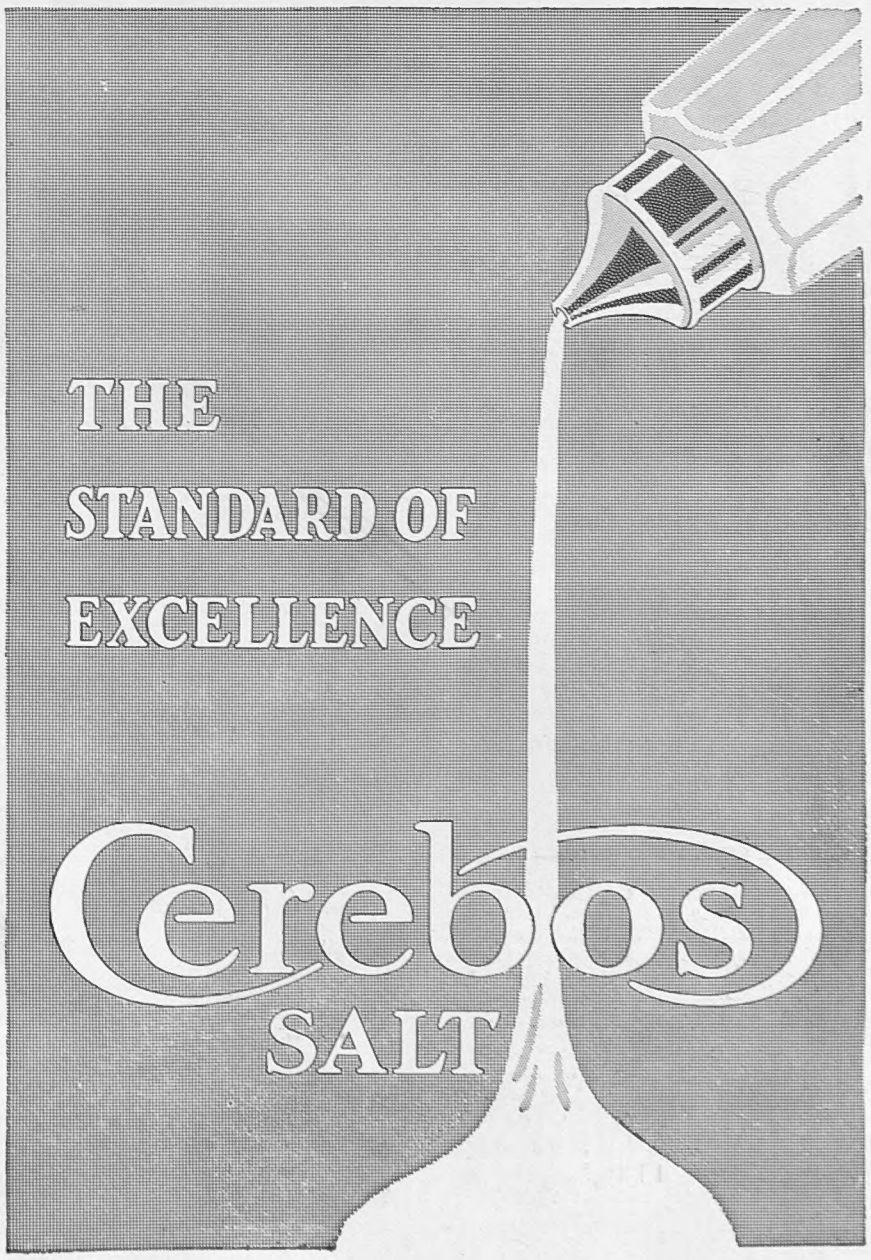


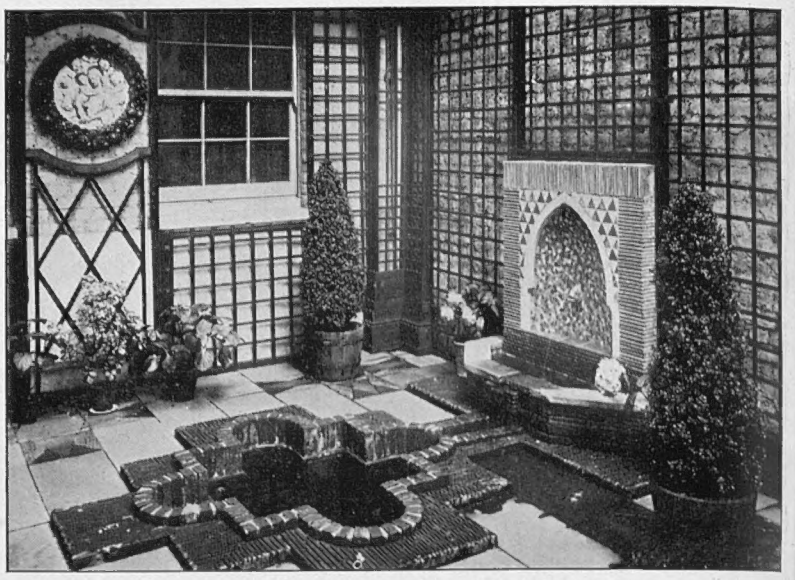
Treat Your London Garden as a COURT

The Best Method of Getting Beauty from Urban Ugliness

By MAJOR J. BOWATER VERNON

The possession of a patch of ground behind a town house, even if it be surrounded by high walls, is an asset which many people are only just beginning to appreciate. For many years it has been thought that the best way to deal with an ugly outlook from one's window was to block it out with curtains or by some other means, but now we start at the root of the matter and endeavour to make the outlook ornamental and, if possible, useful. This is not so difficult as it is often supposed, though the method of treating it will undoubtedly depend on the amount of money available for the purpose.

Take, for instance, a small yard at the back of some house in Mayfair, such as that shown in this illustration. If, instead of considering it as a garden, we call it a courtyard, we immediately think of it in a different way. In this particular one it was unlikely that one would be able to grow flowers at all permanently, owing to the fact that little if any sun reaches it, and yet the uninteresting view from the principal room of this little house needed beautifying treatment. It was therefore decided to try and produce a pleasing effect by giving it some character. Bearing in mind the way in which water is used in Italy and Morocco in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, a small fountain was constructed against the wall, the water from it finding its way into a pond of Moorish design, the space round being paved with stone embellished with patterns of other materials, and the walls colour-washed and covered with trelliage of a more or less architectural design, with the result that what was once a wasted space is pleasant to look at and can be used as a sort of outside room.



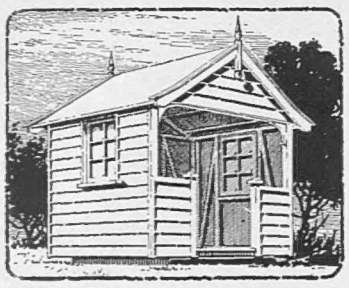
A GARDEN IN MAYFAIR: The Moorish treatment and the use of water turns a dingy outlook into a picturesque trellised view

THE PAVED GARDEN: An excellent treatment in Bedford Square which minimises the depressing effect of the blank wall of the British Museum

It is a distinct advance that so many of these small courtyards are being dealt with in a similar way. The second illustration is that of a somewhat larger garden in Bedford Square, and is attached to a very beautiful Adam house. In this case an endeavour was made to introduce contemporary feeling into the trellis screen so as to link up house and garden. This and the columns at the back serve to detract the eye from the enormous blank wall of the British Museum in the background. In order to get flowers to grow, only small beds were put at the sides to provide for creepers and a few shade-loving plants, and the principal beds were brought out into the light and air so that they get as much sun as possible, and the picture shows well how successful the planting was. The fact of having a raised platform at the end, making a low terrace on which to sit, makes the garden appear larger, while interest is added by the difference in level.

With regard to constructing a pond or fountain the objection has often been raised that the cost of the water supply would be prohibitive, but this is not the case, as it may be arranged to take the water by meter (in which case one only pays for what one actually uses, and it may be turned off when one is away), or by means of a disc a given quantity of water is allowed to pass at a given cost, from 30s. p.a. upwards, according to the size of the disc. Another objection which is sometimes raised is the question of mosquitoes, but as they will not breed in running water this is easily prevented by turning it on for a time every day. The writer has had a lily pond close to his house for the last six years, and has never been troubled in this way.

With regard to the paths, these may be covered in various ways. If rectangular paving is considered too expensive, brick is, generally speaking, a better substitute than what is known as crazy paving, which to my mind is not very suitable for town houses in this country, though it may be found in one of the little courtyards in Pompeii.



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You'll find a garden shelter like this extraordinarily useful for all sorts of things—meals out-of-doors, for baby's morning rest, for the tennis court, for the children's garden toys. And you'll wonder whatever you did without one. But don't spoil your garden for want of a little care. Come to Browne & Lilly. They're the firm with a fine reputation for attractive designs, seasoned material and honest workmanship.

Choose your own design from the fully illustrated Catalogue S.P. 113. Write for it to-day. It is free, of course.

GARDEN SHELTERS and USEFUL SHEDS from £5 to £50

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A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Haifa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

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